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THE PIONEER:

OR

LEAVES FROM AN EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

For Heaven's sake, Harry, do not attempt to weave your fragile, finespun theories into the web of actual life: you have been a dreamer of dreams, and a projector of schemes all your days, yet what have you gained by them all?

"I have gained, as Byron says, a deal of judgment."

EMMA C. EMBURY.

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SERIES IN AMERICAN STUDIES

Editor-in-Chief: Joseph J. Kwiat

PROGRAM IN AMERICAN STUDIES
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"Let us speak plain; there is more force in names
Than most men dream of! and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair seeming name;
Let us call tyrants, TYRANTS, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by his grace must fall;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth."

J. R. LOWELL.

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PREFACE AND INSCRIPTION.

The following pages consist mainly of editorial articles written for the "ESSEX COUNTY WASHINGTONIAN," and "THE PIONEER,"* interspersed,—for sake of variety, and to give the book a redeeming trait in the minds of those who have a strong aversion to its leading principles,—with some thirty or forty of the first poems of the age, and two or three of less pretensions, which may well congratulate themselves on having an opportunity to appear in so good company.

The sentiments which characterise the work, as will be seen at a glance, are at open war with our popular Religion, and nearly all its "Institutions." The writer sees no beauty in its rites, and no comeliness in its temples. They seem to him cold, barbarous, repulsive, and degrading. Seeing its priesthood enlisted against every radical movement for the removal of human misery, and its places of worship closed hermetically against nearly all the advocates of human progress,—he fails to perceive in that Religion any elements of moral beauty or spiritual life.—Its faith is a gloomy, inhuman, sepulchral principle which may, as its partisans contend, do very well "to die by," but which is utterly unfit for any intelligent being to live by—either here or hereafter.—Its God is a haughty, despotic, revengeful king, glorying chiefly in the abasement of his subjects, and of so low a character

* "THE PIONEER" is a continuation of the "ESSEX COUNTY WASHINGTONIAN," with no change except of name. It is published weekly, in Lynn, Mass., under the editorial care of the writer, and is devoted to the advocacy of such sentiments on the subject of reform as its name indicates. It endeavors to be "independent in everything, neutral in nothing," asking "a fair field" and such favor as it deserves.

as to take delight in the softest adulation, and the grossest flattery. The cold and far off Heavens are fitly represented as his home, the fitful lighting as the flash of his eye, the hoarse thunder as his voice, and this earth, with its myriad of human hearts struggling for life and light, as his footstool. Not a frightful event takes place in the concerns of man which is not attributed to his revengeful "Providence": and there is not a wild passion in the human breast,—not jealousy, not envy, not pride, not ambition, not vengeance,—which has not been represented as a component part of his divine character.

The priesthood of this baneful Religion are, for the most part, the relentless enemies of all innovation, and the swift defenders of all popular sin. Only entrench a system of iniquity, however great, behind the walls of the statute book,—throw before it the broad shield of popular opinion,—and you may be sure that thenceforth, (unless those protections are withdrawn,) that priesthood will extend it the right hand of fellowship to the end of time. The highest standard of right which that order of men practically acknowledge is the popular will,—whose shifting vane they watch with the restless eye of the mariner, anxious to trim his sails to the uncertain wind.

How different the Religion, the God, and the Priesthood in question are from the Religion, the God, and the Priesthood of the New Testament, there is no room here to inquire. Let each one,—lifting the thick film of prejudice, and drawing the deceptive veil of early association from his eye,—judge for himself. For one, the writer is free to say, that if the Religion of this nation were the Religion of the New Testament, that book instead of being the blessing it now is to the human race, would be an unmitigated curse, and the Saviour it reveals, the greatest tyrant who ever lent the sanction of a charmed name to bigotry and crime. But let not this thought (that the popular Religion is one with that of the New Testament,) be expressed or intimated, even by way of hypothesis; for surely every person whose soul has not become petrified by the hardening elements of a false society, must *know* that a Religion whose protecting arms embrace every species of legalized iniquity in the world, is as different from the Religion of the New Testament as darkness from light, as Christ from Belial.

But why lengthen this preface into an essay. It needs only to add that

the author of these desultory papers believes that Christianity contains the only system of ethics from which the human race has anything to hope, and that in proportion as its benign influences take possession of the human heart, crime will disappear from the face of the earth, and Bigotry and Superstition—those twin Goddesses of crime—will fold their black wings in the embrace of death.

It may be too much to hope, that the following “articles”—(composed, as they were, amid the conflicting labors and wearing responsibilities of more than one employment)—will do anything to shake the faith of the people in their unrighteous God, nevertheless the writer entertains and indulges that hope, and was strengthened by it in preparing them for the public eye.

If the writer has been fortunate enough to escape to any extent from the meshes of politics and sect, and to adopt a philosophy unlimited by sectional lines and unwarped by sectarian prejudices: if he has learned to consider the claims of Humanity as paramount to all others, and to repudiate and trample under foot whatever conflicts with those claims, however hallowed by age or consecrated by association: if he has been enabled to see with tolerable clearness the intrinsic evils of all political or religious corporation, and to protest with any power against cumbering the reforms of the day with a particle of its destructive machinery: if he has come to appreciate the sublime character and inconceivable power of unrestricted and unorganized speech as a reform instrumentality: if, in one word, his eyes have been opened to the infinite beauty and entire practicability of the distinctive principles of the New Testament:—he is mainly indebted for such wisdom to the brilliant pen, and heroic life of NATHANIEL PEABODY ROGERS, to whom, therefore, this little book is affectionately inscribed, as the most significant token the author can offer of his profound admiration and esteem.

H. C. JR.

LYNN, Jan'y 1st, 1846.

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THE PIONEER.

WASHINGTONIANISM.

AN ADDRESS PREPARED FOR THE UNION MASS MEETING OF SUFFOLK,
NORFOLK, PLYMOUTH, AND BRISTOL COUNTY WASHINGTONIANS.

It would be an insult to an intelligent public, to enter into a serious argument against the use of intoxicating liquors as a drink. No such argument is needed. Their deleterious influence has long since been established to a demonstration. No man who enjoys the reputation of a reasonable being denies it. It has taken place among those facts which it is a mark of insanity or foolishness to question.

The same may be affirmed of the *sale* of intoxicating liquors as a drink. The argument on this point is very simple. Members, as we all are, of a social compact whose main security is virtue, it is plain that any one who persists in an occupation which saps the foundation of public morals, is an enemy to his race. That the man who sells intoxicating liquors as a drink is engaged in such an occupation, he does not himself deny. It is evident, therefore, to the humblest apprehension, that *such a man* is an enemy to his race, and, of course, should be treated as such. It is pleasant to know that this view is so generally received, that decent men are fast withdrawing from the dreadful traffic in question, and leaving it in the hands of men, whose moral characters are somewhat in keeping with their business.

Under these circumstances, it does not seem worth our while to spend any more time on this branch of our subject. We shall

confine ourselves, therefore, to those topics which have not as yet received general attention.

The "Washingtonian movement" commenced on the 5th day of April, A. D. 1840. On that memorable day—which should be consecrated in the annals of every true friend of temperance—William Mitchell, David Anderson, Archibald Campbell, John F. Hoss, George Steers, and James McCurley, met together in the city of Baltimore, and formed the first WASHINGTON TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY. Their proposed aim was first to reform themselves, and then to reform their brother inebriates. Their idea was as simple as it was great. It had its foundation in the principles of FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY;—"and the greatest of these was CHARITY." It considered no man as beyond or beneath its influence. It recognized neither despair nor despondence; and gathered strength from the very magnitude of its task.

The few men who received into their breasts this great idea, and gave it a practical illustration in their lives, had no conception of its destined popularity. They little thought that they were raising a spirit which it was not in the power of man to put down. But such was the fact. Their noble idea travelled through the country with the speed of light. It visited every city, town, village, and hamlet, and its progress may be traced by the footprints of charity and love. It went on "conquering and to conquer," with a power and success unparalleled in the history of reform. Its *insignia* was the pledge, which it nobly assumed, when once taken would always be kept. That pledge has proved the magic word, the "*open sesame*," to hearts which, it was thought, were closed forever against the admission of any good influence. Men who had long since parted with all the characteristics of *men*,—whose reasons were beclouded, whose consciences were seared, whose whole constitution, moral, intellectual, and physical, had for many years been palsied by the dreadful power of intemperance,—who were by-words in the community, and whose sin and degradation had passed into familiar proverbs,—such men (and, alas, such men are found all over our land,) in

large numbers, seized instinctively the proffered pledge, and gathering up, as it were, the wasted energy of a whole life for the effort, made one mighty struggle, snapped asunder the chains of sensuality, and came forth renewed in the spirit of their lives, transformed from the condition of beasts which perish to the stature of men and of Christians. "WHEREAS ONCE I WAS A DRUNKARD," said JOHN HAWKINS, "NOW I AM A SOBER MAN:" and these words of exultation sounded from countless lips, and entered into countless hearts. Thousands of wretched families who depended on the cold charities of the world for their support, whose misery of body and soul was beyond the power of expression, and found its only language in cries and groans,—who were sinking deeper and deeper every day in the black depths of sensuality and sin,—who were "living without God in the world," and saw no better world beyond,—whose prospect seemed to be one dark, cold, starless, and endless night,—whose children were thin with hunger and pale with suffering,—and all of whose wretchedness was the result (and the natural result) of drunken parents, who, instead of repenting of their brutal conduct, added daily to its power by the most cruel and disgusting acts of personal violence ;—thousands of such families, we repeat, in every section of the country, have been raised by the almost miraculous power of the Washingtonian pledge, to the state of comfortable, prosperous, and Christian homes.

We should like to dwell upon such pleasant pictures. It would be a delightful task to present to your minds a view of some of the innumerable homes which are now smiling with peace and plenty, and radiant with the beauty of holiness, through the regenerating power of the Washingtonian idea, as administered through the *Washingtonian Pledge*.

But, thanks be to God, this is not necessary. There is not a person, probably, who will read this address, who does not know within his own experience, however limited, instances of the same kind, so bright and so beautiful as wholly to eclipse any picture which it is in the power of language to portray.

Imagination fails, the pen drops powerless from the hand, and all words become poor and cheap, when we attempt to transfer to paper the sublime beauty and happiness of a reformed family. If you would gather new zeal in our behalf, if you would dispel every doubt as to your duty in this cause, if you would receive an impulse to your benevolent spirit which it shall feel to the "last syllable of recorded time," go and visit a reformed family;—and as the smile of the happy wife falls like sunlight upon your heart; as the merry voices of her children ring through your soul; as the reformed man reaches out to you his hand, first brushing from his face the tear of joy, and gives you his hearty welcome; as you look around his tidy room and see all about it evidences of comfort and happiness;—and then as you turn your eye up to the tastefully decorated mantelpiece and behold over it, in a neat frame, that *pledge*, which, under God, has caused all this happiness, (and which pledge is held second only to the Bible, in point of sacred importance and worth,)—as you behold all this, tell us if our cause is not noble enough to engage the attention of "earth's wisest and best;" tell us if it is not overrunning with the spirit of Christian brotherhood and love!

We come now to ask, wherein is the wonderful efficacy of this movement? The consideration of this question will lead us to many topics which, at the present time, need to be clearly presented to the public mind.

We answer, in the first place—that *the Washingtonian movement found the field white for the harvest*. The ground had been prepared by the temperance organizations instituted prior to 1840. True, when this movement was commenced, but little, comparatively, was doing; but this is to be accounted for by the fact that the energy and efficiency of the old means were nearly exhausted. It was not within the scope of the old organizations to accomplish much upon the drunkard—nor indeed to effect much any way on the Washingtonian plan. Their work was in another direction, and in another form—and it was faithfully done. They entered upon the work—we speak particularly now of NEW ENGLAND—

when rum-selling was a reputable traffic, and they did not relax their labors until it was disreputable. They placed the brand of shame on the distiller, until "it went hissing to the bone." They flooded the country with facts. They labored with an iron energy, and published report after report, until the light of truth had penetrated every part of the country. At the time the new movement commenced, however, the storm they had raised appeared to have passed over, and the waters were becoming still and stagnant. The tide of public opinion which, through their great exertions, had been made to set in favor of temperance, was, if not actually ebbing, very nearly in that state. It was evident, therefore, that a new agency was needed—that new machinery and new principles were needed to carry out the work.

And as God has, in all great crises in the world's history, raised up men—not always the great and mighty, but often the weak and humble—to meet the emergency; so, now, he did not fail us, but, in his good providence, raised up the men, (whose names we have before mentioned,) and to whose triumph, through his blessing, we are indebted for the present Reform. Most of the men engaged in the former movement are now engaged in this; and the few who now hold back, naturally distrustful of any innovation, will, no doubt, ere long, enter our ranks, and labor with their accustomed vigor and success.

The second answer to the question, wherein is the efficacy of this new movement, must be found in its intrinsic character.—This leads us to a brief analysis of the Washingtonian Idea. Its elements are—

1. FAITH IN MAN. This is its distinctive feature, its pride and power. Prior to the Washingtonian movement, there did not appear to be faith enough in the whole country to save one drunkard. He was given up as hopeless. It was generally considered that to him that dreadful time had come when God would no longer strive. The fact that a man had fallen among rum-sellers, who had "stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead," was considered a valid

reason for passing him by on the other side. He was left on the rough highways and byways of the world, bruised and bleeding,—the scoff of the wicked, the jeer of the thoughtless, the neglected of nearly all. The language even of the temperance man was, "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." And so the poor inebriate was left "alone," festering in iniquity, shut out from all pure influences, a neglected leper by the road-side, with the words "unclean, unclean," written all over him, that none might approach him, or give heed to his cries.

His case, in other words, was considered as past cure. Tottering on the slippery verge of the grave, the feeling of the world was, let him fall into its devouring jaws, that he may be swallowed up forever.

Now before the Washingtonian faith all such ideas flee like the small dust before the whirlwind. That faith embraces all. It is a panacea which never fails. It dreads contact with no leprosy of soul or body. When both soul and body are reduced to the lowest state of degradation, and man is trembling on that line which separates him from the beast; the Washingtonian, full of that faith which, in such an extremity, is indeed "the substance of things *hoped for*, and the evidence of things *unseen*," believes that beneath the decaying embers of the mind, glimmering beneath the "repentant ashes," the vital spark still lives, and that the breath of human affection may fan it into a warm and purifying flame.

With such a faith, he laughs at all obstacles, and spurns all opposition. Clad in the panoply of love, he visits the darkest haunts of human wretchedness, and the star of hope sheds its cheering light upon his path, and guides him to success.

Besides the immense power which this faith has upon the inebriate, the Washingtonian who applies it with unwavering fidelity, finds that it reacts with two-fold power upon himself. In laboring to impart its noble virtues to his unfortunate neighbor, he feels that

"It is twice blessed,
It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

In fact, one of the greatest inducements which we can offer to the public to "come over to Macedonia and help us," is, that by embracing our noble faith, and incorporating it into the life, a man receives into his heart a principle, which, if faithfully adopted, carries with it some of the loftiest thoughts and purest emotions of which the human mind is susceptible. He finds himself the possessor of some of the noblest truths which have dawned on the world—"truths which wake to perish never"—truths which, in the hurlyburly of the world, have been almost forgotten, although essential elements in the Christian religion. This Washingtonian principle is as old as truth itself, and has always existed, in greater or less distinctness and power, in every human breast. In most, however, it has been obscured by the mists of sensuality and sin, or buried up beneath a mountain load of care and care. But when, these mists scattered, and this load removed from the mind, this primal principle of the soul comes to light with something of its pristine beauty and power, we learn with deep surprise that we have been "entertaining an angel unawares;" in other words, that away out in the background of the soul, in its "holy of holies," there has always been a spiritual presence struggling to make itself known, and which, now that it has revealed itself, encircles us, as it were, with a new atmosphere, and imparts to us an elasticity and energy of mind of which before we had no conception.

2. The next element in the Washingtonian Idea, is its FAITH IN THE TRUTH. It believes that the truth is mighty and must prevail. It has no fears concerning its final success. Its language is, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, the truth must conquer. "The lip of truth shall be established forever."—Though the minds of the people may be darkened by passion, or beclouded by self-interest, it has faith that though slowly, yet surely, the truth must work its way into the convictions of the community. For this, the Washingtonian is willing to work and to wait. He does not expect to gather in the harvest the moment the seed is cast upon the ground; but he has never a doubt that,

in due time, God smiling on his efforts, the harvest will come, bearing fruit, some ten, some twenty, and some an hundred fold.

3. Again, FAITH IN LOVE is an important element in the Washingtonian idea. We have already touched upon this point; but it cannot be touched upon too often. The power of love, that perfect love which casteth out fear, is the great instrumentality of the Washingtonian. He believes that the winds of persecution only compel the sinner to wrap the garments of iniquity closer about him, while the warm sun of affection causes them to drop instinctively from his limbs. It is hard to drive *a man*. The *slave*, whose constitution has become inured to tyranny, may be driven: but the *man*, the *free man*, will submit to no such treatment. *He* does not recognize the right of his fellow sinner to compel him to any thing. He is easily persuaded, but hardly ever forced. The most attenuated cord of affection may draw him into the right path; but once arouse his passions by threats and abuse, and he will break away from the stoutest cable, as it were gossamer. Such at all events, is the experience of the Washingtonian; and it is a rich experience, shedding light upon every path of duty. He has reached thousands, and drawn them into the fold of temperance, whom the world had been for years endeavoring to reform by neglect and persecution.

In this connection, it is proper to observe, that, as the affections have had so prominent a part in our reform, we have had, to an unexampled extent, the influence of woman. She knows, better than man, the avenues to the human heart: and this knowledge has been of incalculable value to our cause. She embraced the Washingtonian faith as soon as it was presented to her. She had an intuitive assurance that it was the truth. It answered to all her noblest aspirations. It harmonized with all her conceptions of moral beauty. It was an instrument fitted to her heart and to her hand; and that she embraced it warmly with both, her successful labors will bear witness. Hand in hand with her *brother* laborers, she has entered into the work, and reached many hearts which else had remained in darkness. She

touched the tender springs of the soul which evaded the hand of her less delicate brother. That quickness of perception and delicacy of execution which belong to her sex, have done more than most any other agency in carrying on the great work. Her influence, though silent, has been constant and efficient. She has come "without observation;" and with a Christian's faith and a Christian's patience has labored, not unsuccessfully, to crown our efforts with the garlands of her affection.

4. And, finally, the Washingtonian Idea includes FAITH IN GOD. The Washingtonian feels this to be an important article in his creed. "Paul may plant, and Apollos may water; but God must give the increase." Unaided by the "breath of Heaven," our cause will be carried back on the strong tide of popular sin, and swallowed up in the great maelstrom of intemperance.

We build upon the Christian platform. Every other is unstable as water. In humble imitation of Jesus Christ, the Washingtonian would go about doing good. Like him, he professes of himself to be able to do nothing; but relies, at all times, for succor and success, on "his Father and our Father, his God and our God."

We have thus endeavored to present to your consideration some idea, however inadequate, of the "WASHINGTONIAN FAITH." We now appeal to you, whether it is not entitled to your support. This is evident. Talk as we may, in our zeal, of the popularity of our cause,—it has, as yet, but a slight hold on the public regard. The proof of this may be found in the large number of rum-shops and rum-hotels, in the small number of temperance-shops and temperance-hotels, and the fact that these are not countenanced to any extent even by temperance men; in the fact that, in many instances, we have not the influence of the professedly Christian Church: in the fact that it is very difficult to raise funds to carry on the cause; in the fact that, in many parts of the State, it is still fashionable to offer intoxicating liquors as a refreshment; in the fact that merchants of otherwise

reputable character, are engaged in importing such liquors; in the fact that influential men let their buildings for rum-selling taverns and shops; and, finally, in the fact that, notwithstanding the beneficent influences which have proceeded from our labors, they are looked upon by many of the leading men and women of society as hardly worthy to engage the attention of intelligent, religious, or influential persons.

At first view, this seems like a strange state of public sentiment. It hardly seems credible that an institution which labors so successfully for the removal of one of the greatest evils which ever afflicted society, should have to labor against such adverse influences. It would seem that the conscience of the community had become petrified. But when we consider for how long a period the atmosphere has been poisoned by the breath of the distillery, how accustomed we have been to witnessing the frightful effects of that dreadful miasma,—and then remember how true it is that habit becomes second nature: it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that it is so hard to lift the leaden eyelids of the people. We will not—at least we will not *yet*—believe that the heart of the community is a heart of stone. It cannot be. This is evident from the fact that when any *unusual* calamity visits the land, approaching in its terrible consequences the evil of intemperance, every heart is touched, and almost every person in the community is ready to contribute his mite towards its removal. Let a man meet with some unforeseen accident depriving him of the use of his limbs, and incapacitating him from earning his livelihood,—and there is no difficulty in exciting sympathy and procuring pecuniary relief in his behalf.

Take a case of late occurrence. There was recently a great fire in Fall River. That beautiful town was nearly consumed to ashes. The rich were reduced to poverty, the poor to beggary. The news of the disaster went abroad upon the four winds, and reached every section of the country. The destructive flames themselves, as they leaped from house to house and from street to street, did not spread more rapidly. The public sympathy was

every where excited. Assistance was proffered and sent from all directions; and the mails groaned with the abundance of letters containing remittances and expressions of sympathy. Wagons laden with furniture, clothing, provisions, and other articles of relief, arrived almost hourly. And all this was well, was noble. It spoke volumes for the intrinsic benevolence of the country. It proved that the heart of the people was warm. Now such facts go irresistibly to prove that the only reason why the people do not come to the relief of the victims of intemperance is that they have been so accustomed to their presence as not to realize their terrible condition. It cannot be that the people know or suspect the horrors of intemperance; if they did, they would rise up *en masse*, and drive it from the land. Would that we could arouse the public mind to some idea of the sufferings which are occasioned even in *one day* by intemperance! Why, what was that fire in Fall River to which we have alluded, and which drew so largely upon the public sympathy?—Why, it was but a spark, compared to the fire which is raging in every town in the country, at this very moment. Wherever there is one family suffering from the consuming heats of intemperance, there is a fire, in comparison of which the fire of Fall River is not worthy of a thought:—that is, if a man is of more importance than a house, or a family of more value than a town. We are of those who think it is a terrible thing to see *a man* on fire! And yet we see this every day! *A man on fire!* How awful the thought! A human being burning to death! A family of men, women, and children, in the very midst of a civilized country, burning before a slow fire! Awful, staggering as is the thought, such scenes are as common as the rising and going down of the sun!

And yet, how inconsistent we are! We all stand ready to work our fingers to the bone, to climb up burning rafters and swim through a sea of flames almost, to save "*buildings made with hands*;" and yet buildings not made with hands—the temples of the immortal spirit—are blazing all around us, and we will scarcely lift a finger for their relief. To arouse the people to a

sense of this wide conflagration, which is burning in all our towns and cities

“As one great furnace flamed ; yet from whose flames
No light but rather darkness visible,”

which, after it has consumed the body, has power to destroy the soul ; and to assist in extinguishing that conflagration, is the object of the Washingtonian movement. It has already snatched thousands and tens of thousands as brands from the burning ; and it now asks your aid and sympathy for the completion of its noble work. When you are with us, the work is done. But so long as we have to breast the tide of your influence, our progress must be slow.

We appeal, especially, to the leading portion of the community. It is you who give the bent to public opinion. You hold the reins of power, and yet it is behind your example that the rum-seller and rum-drinker skulk, and skulk successfully, for support. You do not mean to cover the land with drunkenness ; but you do. Once let your opinion go against the rum-seller, and he is no more. He sucks his sustenance indirectly, and too often directly, from such persons. So long as he is sustained by the wealthy, the educated, the influential classes of society, so long, he will continue to curse the community. Withdraw that sustenance and he perishes. But while members of the legislature, judges of courts, lawyers, school-masters, clergymen, officers of temperance societies, professing Christians, State and town officers, physicians, lecturers, men of “property and standing,” put up at rum-selling hotels and drink intoxicating liquors, so long the fires of the still will continue their ravages, and men will make it a regular business to set each other on fire !

And now what more need be said ? We have proved our cause to be the cause of humanity, and the cause of Christian truth : and we now appeal to you by every high and holy virtue, in the name of our common faith and our common Father, to give it your support.

It is a work whereof the workman need not be ashamed. It is

the star of hope to millions of the poor and down trodden. The flowers of pure affection are strown all along its path. The grateful tears of them which were lost fall upon it like rain;—the happy smile of their families gilds it with the light of heaven. It breathes the spirit of Christ in every breath. Its true laborers go forth “shod with the preparation of the gospel.” By the blessing of heaven it is

“Almighty to create, almighty to renew.”

We feel that it is good to be engaged in such a cause. We can enter into it with all our heart, soul, and strength; and more than at any other time can we enter upon it when our hearts are warm with the spirit of our holy religion. While the consecrated elements are yet upon our lips, while the baptismal waters are still glistening upon our brow, while the echo of the Christian benediction is still sounding in our ears, we would hasten, in all the earnestness of our Christian zeal, to give to the cause of temperance renewed tokens of our interest and affection. And it is this cause—this holy cause—which we now submit to your consideration. We beseech you consider it thoroughly, earnestly, and prayerfully. And if you do this in good faith, we are sure you will soon be with us. Judging our cause by the Christian standard of *its fruits*, beholding as you will the regenerating power it has exercised upon society, and remembering, as we trust you will, that *he who is not with us is against us, and who gathers not with us scattereth*, we do hope that you will soon give us the powerful aid of your labor, your sympathy and your prayers.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well !
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure ;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell ;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well ;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

COMMON COURTESIES.

It is the little every day courtesies of life which betray the true Christian and gentleman—those little expressions of regard and interest, those little kindnesses and forbearances, which he has an opportunity to practice every hour of his life. They are the un-failing indices of character. They are more eloquent of virtue than all great actions or high sounding professions. The heart from which they do not continually flow, like sparkling streams adown the hill side, you may depend upon it, is barren of all true excellence. That religion which consists in large gifts to the church treasury; scrupulous attendance upon church meetings; unqualified adherence to creeds and creed makers; harsh judgments of the wicked; and great devotion to the far off heathen; but which sets at naught the “sweet charities of life”—and makes no account of the common courtesies of society, is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. The hearty “How d’ye do,” “God be with you,” “I’m glad to see you,” “Good luck to you,” and all the other greetings which are so often interchanged by passers-by, fall upon the heart like seed sown in good ground, and give growth to all those gentle affections and humble virtues, which are to the mind what the luxuriant under-growth of shrubs and flowers is to the earth. The smile of kindness which you bestow upon the care-worn laborer, falls like sunshine upon his heart and warms all his faculties into new life and beauty. The word of comfort which you speak to the homeless wanderer goes deep down into his soul and kindles a new fire among the decaying embers of his mind. The mark of esteem and reverence which you extend to the aged man on whose brow is written, in deep characters, the history of many sorrows, recalls to his mind the faded hopes and joys of youth, and causes his pulse to beat with renewed vigor, and his eyes to glisten with unwonted brilliancy. The look of sympathy shed upon the child of sorrow, or the word of consolation whispered into his ear, ex-

tracts the poison from his cup of sorrow, and tinges with the golden hues of hope, the cloud which beshadows his path.

In the hallowed precincts of home, how much depends upon the countless and nameless acts of a kindly spirit! How often a kind word or a reproving smile will extinguish the spark of harsh feeling which else had been fanned by the rude breath of passion into a devouring flame! By warding off an unkind expression of hasty wrath with a forbearing and forgiving look, how easily we disarm all anger and restore the soul to serenity and love! Is there a quarrel—a fierce dispute—a war of words, in the family circle, how easily one gentle spirit will subdue the elements, and make the thoughtless destroyers of domestic peace hang their heads with shame, and heartily repent of their ill-considered difficulties.

Oh, my friends, it is these words of kindly remembrance sown along the dusty thoroughfare of life, which make the poetry of life, and which, falling upon a heart which has been broken up by vicissitudes, take deep root, and soon garnish the mind with flowers of perennial beauty.

PREPARATION FOR WAR.

The *New Orleans Picayune* comes out very strongly against the custom of wearing deadly weapons. It has frequently happened, in New Orleans and otherwheres, that the most intimate friends have imbrued their hands in each other's blood in moments of hasty passion, when had there been no deadly weapons about them (or in the vicinity) the dreadful deed would not have been done. Indeed it is thought that at least two thirds of the murders (and manslaughters) which are committed at the South, grow out of this pernicious custom of "going armed."—It seems, then, that in cases of *individuals*, the often quoted saying—"in time of peace prepare for war," in other words, in time of friendship prepare for strife, is proved to be highly dangerous. It tends to produce the very war it would avert. Instead of settling dif-

ficulties, it multiplies and aggravates them. Why isn't it equally true with regard to *nations*? Why should *they* go armed?—Why should *they* belt themselves round about with pistols and bowie-knives? Do such things “make for *peace*?” Or do they not rather nurture a bloody and revengeful spirit? Let our common-sense answer.

I am not sure but this peace question is the most important question before the people. It seems to me to include the whole circle of moral truths. My strong-minded friend John Pulsifer (of Lowell) said to me, the other day, that he had noticed this fact,—that every man who was converted to the principles of *peace*, became instantly a thorough-paced opponent of all slavery. My experience has been the same. And how could it be otherwise? How can a man embrace the principle of the *brotherhood of the human race* (which is the vital principle of the peace doctrine) and sanction any form of human enslavement? Will it be said that there are many true reformers who believe in war “under certain circumstances?” It cannot be. Whoever is in favor of slaughtering his fellow men, whether aggressively or by way of retaliation, (or punishment,) can in no proper sense be called a moral reformer. He may be honestly opposed to specific evils, such as drunkenness, slavery, licentiousness, gambling,—but so long as he advocates the old retaliatory doctrine of “an eye for an eye”—which is the essence of all war—so long his reform efforts will be worse than neutralized. It is idle for a man to tell me that he is doing a great Anti-Slavery work, when he would have the whole human race subject to a military despotism. I say a “military despotism”—because every military system, however mild, is a cruel despotism. For in time of war every man in the country is the abject slave of the soldiery,—and if the order comes from the commander in chief (whether he be a President or a King) to cut the throat of one's own mother, or blow out the brains of his wife,—it *must* be obeyed at the peril of life. And in time of peace every one is compelled (also at the peril of life) to hold himself in readiness, “armed and equipped as the law di-

rects," to commit the grossest acts of violence which the powers that be command. Now I call this despotic, most cruelly so,—and no man who thinks it humane and brotherly, is competent to do much in the way of any reform. This war policy precludes the possibility of all faith, either in man or God. And, furthermore, it tramples upon the right of private judgment, and admits of no individual conscience. How then can any man be a consistent opponent of any species of tyranny or sin, who can give the least countenance to so atrocious a system as that of war in any of its "Protean variety of shapes"? You will say that war, even in its most offensive manifestations, is allowed, and defended, by our "Christian Churches," (so called) but when you will mention to me a species of villainy which that church has *not* (at some time) allowed and defended, then I will admit your statement (which is notoriously true) to be an argument against my position, and in favor of war.

I haven't time to pursue the subject, but throw off these rude suggestions in the heat of the moment, and in the hope that they may lead to deeper and wider views. The subject is one of immense importance and cannot be slighted by anybody with impunity.

THE DEVIL.

Start not, most timid reader, at the name of this thine old acquaintance; for why should'st thou be frightened at the name of so familiar and popular a character? Thou hast known him from thy youth up—a good looking and courteous personage, who could tell thee, an' thou would, many a forgotten reminiscence of thee and thine, and who is, withal, one of the blindest and most affable creatures in the world.

He moves in the best society, is rigidly scrupulous of his outward appearance, and prides himself no little on his knowledge of human nature, and his tact at ingratiating himself into the human heart. Polite to a fault, with a voice of the richest tone, and an

eye of the brightest glance ; bewitching by his smile, and entrancing by his eloquence ; with a mind laden with knowledge and overflowing with light, he has ever been one of the most popular and influential characters of the day. Full often has he taken thee by the hand, and led thee into green pastures and by the side of still waters, while thou, poor deluded soul, imagined thyself in the society of one of "Heaven's elect."

And yet thou tremblest at the mention of his name—and the very idea of contact with him blanches thy warm cheek, and fills thee with terror. Mistaken soul ! On the pages of the primer, and on the tablet of thy mind, this gentlemanly and accomplished Devil is painted, perhaps, as a poor fleshly body, gaunt and grim, having eyes of fire and feet that are cloven ; with horns growing from his head, and barbed arrows from his mouth ; with a long tail of many folds behind, and a long arm with many claws before ; in short,

——"a monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

I tell thee, reader, such a picture is a gross slander on the personal appearance of the Dark Prince. He is "black, *but comely*, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, or the curtains of Solomon."

Herein, thou should'st know, is the secret of his power—the charm of his life. Deformity has no attractions. Men are not drawn into any snare by repulsive and sickening leaders. They will not—unless barbarians indeed—worship at the shrine of any monster. No. He who would lead them captive must array himself in purple and fine linen. So at least thinks the personage in question, and he acts accordingly.

1. He comes in the gilded habiliments of pleasure. With smiling face and lightsome step he trips along, followed by a gay and thoughtless host, who sing and dance along the road to ruin, unconscious of their danger, and careful only of immediate and palpable enjoyment.

Lured on, step by step, from innocent recreation to unlawful

indulgence; from unlawful indulgence to gross licentiousness; from gross licentiousness to loss of self-respect and utter recklessness; with besotted mind, and broken heart, and withered body; their polite and fascinating conductor leaves them at the portals of the grave, where a press of other business obliges him to bid them a polite and affectionate good bye, promising—the only promise the deceitful wretch keeps—to meet them on the other side of the grave!

2. He comes in the flowing *dishabille* of the Idler. With a jaunty air, a mind at peace with all the world, an enviable indifference to all the storms and calms of life, an unwrinkled brow and a spotless hand,—he allures many sons and daughters of industry from their toil, and soon teaches them to look upon work as a burden, and industry as a disgrace. Cunning and crafty, art thou, indeed, oh Devil, with thy oily tongue and bland address, and thou dost truly erect thy busiest work shop in the brain of the idle man.

3. The Devil comes also in the “sober black” of hypocrisy. Gentlemanly, indeed, is he in this favorite character. In cowl and gown, with smooth face and smoother speech, he walks cautiously before the people, and gathers into his dark fold many a wandering sheep. Sympathizing with all sorrow, subduing all passion, regular in attendance upon Church, loudest in exhortation and longest in prayer, he soon wins upon the heart of the credulous, and ingratiates him into his black art. The name of his followers is legion. It needs not, oh reader, that we describe them to thee; for thou knowest them too well already. Neither is it necessary that we should show up the too fascinating Devil in any other suit from his many colored wardrobe.

In conclusion, see to it, oh ye people, that ye look not for his Majesty as a horned and bloated monster, but rather as a blooming and accomplished courtesan. Not in rags, not in deformity, but in purple and fine linen, works he about all thy paths, and lurks he about all thy hearts.

OH TRIFLE NOT WITH ANY HEART.

Oh trifle not with any heart,
However weak or wrong,
And from thy quiver send no dart,
To join the poisoned throng.

The averted eye, and heart of ice,
May freeze the trembling soul,
When but a word of kind advice,
Had saved it clean and whole.

There is no heart unblessed by truth,
—Where virtue has no place,—
There is no age, there is no youth,
Without its latent grace.

The brightest mind may be o'ercast
By Error's gloomy cloud,
The wisest soul may, for a time,
Seem lost in Folly's shroud ;—

But eye of faith, and heart of love,
Can see no deathly "shroud,"
And not a ray shines from above,
But loves to gild the cloud.

Then trifle not with any heart,
However weak or wrong,
And add no anguish to its smart,
By speech, nor yet by song.

If any sins be growing there,
And spreading wide their roots,
Instilling death into the air,
And yielding bitter fruits,—

With careful eye, and tender hand,
Remove their parent stem ;—
But virtues, too, are growing there,
Be sure and water them.

So shall your path, by hill and dale,
O'er life's uneven road,
Be peaceful as the stream which "flows
Fast by the Throne of God."

THE BIBLE.

Why is this repository of ancient history and literature, written by the greatest minds which have ever visited the earth, and inspired by the Almighty with the loftiest strains of eloquence and truth ; why is this vast mine of intellectual and spiritual wealth so poorly appreciated and so little studied ? This is a question of vital importance. Here is a book, which, independent of its sacred associations, stands alone, unrivalled, unapproached, as the master-piece of the world's literature, and yet few, out of the pale of the priest-hood, are at all acquainted with its beauties. Rich beyond all comparison in bold and glowing imagery ; breathing, throughout, the most stirring eloquence, betraying in every ; line a thorough mastery of the human soul ; its poetry of such dazzling brilliance as to astonish and overawe the most gigantic minds which the world has produced ; it is looked upon by the great majority of readers as a book fit only for spiritual enthusiasts, and bigoted fanatics. It is read as a task and not as a delight. It is approached with an undefinable awe which beclouds its beauty, and renders its light dull and uncertain. How shall we account for this strange state of things ? And, which is of more importance, how shall we brush the dust from its neglected leaves, scatter the mist which envelops its pages, and induce reflecting and intelligent people to search after its hidden treasures, and explore its unfathomable mines ?

In answer to the first question, I would reply, it has been looked upon with an unnatural reverence and a superstitious fear. The shadow of the Church has fallen upon it and obscured its brightness. It has been buried up beneath uncounted volumes of stupid commentary, and barrel upon barrel of dingy sermons. Sectarians have placed false sign-boards over every passage, puzzling the mind with all manner of foolish directions and false indices. Verse after verse has been wrenched from its proper connection and perverted to all manner of base uses. In this way

the pure stream of living waters, gushing fresh from the great fountain of truth, has been darkened and polluted, until it seems to have lost all its healing and invigorating power. To drop the simile and speak the naked truth, the Bible has been so outrageously abused, that men lay it, carelessly, upon the shelf, where it has become moth-eaten and dust-worn for want of use.

In answer to my next question, how shall we brush the dust from its leaves, and induce intelligent and reflecting people to search for its hidden treasures, I answer, *let them read it for themselves*. Cast aside all commentaries, disrobe your mind of all prejudices, and enter upon its perusal with candid hearts and teachable minds. You will then wonder, as you peruse its brilliant pages, that you have been so long ignorant of their intrinsic worth. Every chapter will inspire you with the noblest enthusiasm. Imperceptibly, but surely and permanently, its noble spirit will steal over your soul, and give tone and character to your whole life. The cobwebs of modern religion will be swept from your mind, and thenceforth your heart will feel absolved from all priest-worship and creed-worship, and devoted to the service of the true God.—Thus it is that the Bible will be redeemed from daily neglect and profanation, and many, to whom now it is a sealed book, will pant for its pure gospel “as the hart panteth after the water-brook.” Even priests and D. D’s will then be compelled to interpret it aright, and will become ashamed of the old wive’s fables and Munchausen stories which they have been so long in the habit of representing to their parishioners as part and parcel of God’s word.

THE WORLDLY GREAT.

It is amusing (and instructive) to see how the friends of the various sectarian enterprises of the country, seize upon the influence of "the worldly great," and even the worldly vicious, to help them out in their great work of enslaving humanity. It was made matter of loud boasting in the religious newspapers, a short time since, that the honorable Henry Clay was a church-goer. Now I have no question that Henry Clay's moral character will bear a triumphant comparison with that of the American priesthood,—still it amuses me to hear that priesthood with one breath talk of its discipleship to the "meek and lowly Jesus," and with the next, "crow," with the zeal of a Chapman, over the possession of titled adherents;—at one moment talk of the purity and piety of its ranks, and the next, brag of its slave-holding advocates.—Unlike their professed Master, these fishers of men delight to bask in the sunlight of "principalities and powers," and when they are lucky enough to hook up a Lord, a President, or a "Member of the Cabinet," they are tickled e'enmost out of their wits. Indeed it may be set down as the *distinctive feature* of modern christianity, that it relies for support upon the favor of the great and the mighty. Conscious of its utter deficiency in all the elements of a pure and self-relying faith, it clings to the powers of the world as its only support, and enters into a compromise with them to "secure a more perfect union." The connexion is not "sanctioned and sanctified" by law, as in the old world,—but on the contrary is an illicit connexion, carried on cunningly and secretly. As its part of the contract the state defends the church with the whole force of its military power, while she, in turn, stands ready, with outstretched hand, to baptize all the laws of that state in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,—and compel the obedience of her victims with all the mighty enginery of "hell." As a proof of this position, take the course which the clergy have pursued towards the great constitu-

tional institution of this country,—chattel slavery. With a few exceptions they have brought to bear all their immense influence in its defence, so that, in order to reach that most accursed of human institutions, the Reformer has had to hew his way through the very bowels of the church. And then the voices of both church and state have joined together to anathematize him as an infidel. Nothing is more despised in the professedly christian community than a religion which declares itself independent of principalities, and relies wholly for its success on the intrinsic humanity of its character. I mistake. There is one thing which is despised more still,—and that is, a religion, which, in addition to its simple humanity, ventures to assert that the laws of God are more powerful for the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan than the laws of man. It is a most remarkable and significant fact, that the moment you declare absolute reliance upon the perfect law of God—which is only another name for the “perfect law of love”—that moment you are classed by all the religionists in the land as a hopeless atheist! It will be seen, from a thoughtful consideration of these facts, that the religion of the day, instead of being the pure religion taught and lived by Jesus Christ, which consists simply in a life of brotherly love,—is a complicated and perplexing system, which requires for its support and defence all the cumbrous and destructive machinery of the state,—and not only of the state, but of corporate power in all its departments.

My attention was drawn to this subject by an article in a recent number of the *Salem Register*, on the subject of “American Missionaries abroad.” The object of the article was to inform the people of the important fact that the honorable Caleb Cushing of Newburyport, Mass., late *political* Missionary to China, had fallen in with the *religious* Missionaries to that benighted country, and, since his return, had given them a good round puff.—The *Register* grows warm on the subject, and says of these American Missionaries, that the “places of *diplomacy and power* are resounding with their praise!” In confirmation of these high-sounding laudations, the *Register* quotes a letter from “Lord

Stanley, the British Secretary of State," who says, among other things, speaking of the Mission in the Northern province of Ceylon:—

"It is impossible to doubt that the establishment of the mission has been of essential service to the diffusion of education and a knowledge of Christianity in the district where its labors have been employed. I trust that the mission will be encouraged to proceed in their interesting work, and I shall at all times be happy to take into favorable consideration any proposition which you may feel it necessary to make to me for their *protection, or assistance.*

Now who supposes that the "British Secretary of State" cares a straw about the religion of Jesus Christ, which, if faithfully administered, would sweep the British Government to perdition? And what inference must we draw from the fact that the *professors* of that religion *accept* the proffered "protection and assistance" of "my Lord Stanley?" In the name of all that is decent and humane, what kind of a religion is in unison with the blood-thirsty despotism of Great Britain, and which, through her lordly Secretaries, she offers to protect and assist? Is it the *christian* religion? Think you if the Missionaries on "Ceylon's isle" preached christianity,—i. e.—peace, brotherly love, humanity,—that the "British Secretary of State" would offer to protect or assist them? No. The smell of gun powder would mingle with the "spicy breezes" which "blow soft" over that beautiful "isle," as soon as he could get a fleet there,—and every christian settlement would be blown to atoms. John Bull knows what he is about. And when his "Secretary of State" volunteers to "take into favorable consideration any proposition which religious Missionaries may feel it necessary to make to him for protection or assistance," he knows what *he* is about too. It's a game of *mutual* "protection and assistance." John Bull wants to be defended with Yankee prayers, and Yankee Missionaries want to be defended with British powder. It is absolutely necessary to the existence of the British government, that, with all its plundering rapacity, with all its heartless barbarities, it should be considered a *christian* government. And so it hires Yankee Mission-

aries (among others) to baptize it in the christian name, and offers "protection and assistance" in pay. The people can only be kept in subjection to British Secretaries, and British Queens, by the strong aid of the religious sentiment,—and so the priesthood of all nations is bribed to go into copartnership with them, and share the plunder. But the point I had in my mind at starting, was the singular fact, that modern christianity gloats over testimonials to her fidelity from such creatures as Lord Stanley and Caleb Cushing! Jesus Christ isn't a circumstance to the British Secretary of State, and the great American Ambassador to China! So the religionists think! Just look at it. The *Register* prefaces the complimentary letter of the British Secretary of State, with the following remarks:—

"The following honorable testimony to the faithfulness and intelligence of our American Missionaries, from *the highest official source in Christendom*, is both gratifying and just. Science, literature, and commerce have never possessed more laborious and faithful servants than these same men; and while the *places of diplomacy and power are resounding with their praise*, they should not be forgotten in the prayers and alms of Christians, whose peculiar servants they are."

The humble religion of the "meek and lowly Jesus," advocated by "*the highest official source in Christendom!*" Never, gentlemen, never. As a funny friend of mine would say "*toujours jamais, toujours jamais*,"—always never, always never.—Just think of the "*places of diplomacy and power resounding with the praise*" of the ministers of the gospel of peace! Out upon such nonsensical jargon. And yet—mark my word—the fulsome certificates of Lord Stanley, and Lord Cushing, will be quoted in every religious journal in the land as "external evidence of the truth of christianity!" *First*, Lord Stanley,—*then*, my Lord Cushing,—(for the *Register*, it will be seen, places the British official above the American) how they will travel through the evangelical press! How they will be "press-ed" into the service of sect!

Perhaps I have made too much of this matter, but I think not. The greediness with which the church swallows down state pap,

is an important fact. I contend that the religion which Humanity needs, and is dying for, is a religion which has no alliance with "British Secretaries of State," and from which Caleb Cushing would fly as from a pestilence. The religion which gluts itself in "the uppermost room at feasts," and struts into the "highest seats in the" state and the "synagogue," is no religion for *man*. It may do for "Divines," and for "Reverends," and for "American Boards," and "British and Foreign" Societies, and fat corporations. It may answer well enough to build churches with, and ordain priests to,—but poor Humanity shrinks and curls at the very mention of it.

PEACE ON EARTH.

Here is a noble poem from John Pierpont—one of the brightest stars in the *world's* firmament.

I hardly dare venture a word of criticism upon so great a production, and yet that which occurs to me suggested itself so naturally that I cannot think it impertinent.

It will be noticed that the distinguished author presents a vivid contrast between *unnatural War*, and *natural Peace*.

In his delineation of *War*, which strikes me as one of the finest descriptive passages in the English language, he presents to us so glowing a picture of the horrors of the battle-field that we almost hear

———"the bursting bomb,"

and

—— "the long roll of the unmuffled drum,"

and are half-choked with

—— "the thick cloud sulphurous and dun,

Pour'd from the hot throat of the thundering gun."

After reading this, and becoming fired with indignation that Humanity should be subject to such scenes, and especially that they should be thought to comport with the "glory of God"—the mind is prepared, by way of offset and contrast, for a description

of a state of "*peace on earth*"—not literally peace on *earth*, which the author proceeds to describe with such touching beauty and pastoral power; not the peace of

—— "fields all green with growing things;
And fresh with frequent rains,"

not the peace of

—— "vineyards loaded with their purpling fruit,
And meadows in their lily-spangled suit;"

though this literal "*peace on earth*," is eloquent of the goodness and glory of God;—but the mind is prepared by the context to hear sung, that "*peace on earth*" which was interpreted by the "starry lyres" as meaning "*GOOD WILL TO MAN*."

Had our noble bard described this "*good will*," this peace among the discordant elements of the soul; had he sung, in this connexion, of the sweet society of childhood—the serene life of virtuous age—the beauties of a happy home—the glorious magnanimity of a forgiving spirit—or even the *peaceful battle* in which good overcomes evil; in other words, had the "*dove-winged convictions*" of the author brought to him the olive branch of peace among the children of *men*,—and bade him sing *its* praises, as well as that peace among the children of the *earth*, which he has so "*gloriously*" sung,—what a contrast had he given us to his dread battle-scene!

But as friend Pierpont's ark is still tossing about on the waves of contention—perhaps the messenger bird has n't carried him the olive branch yet. When it does, or rather when he has *left the ark*, and set up his tabernacle on the very Mount of Olives—then he will chaunt the praises of "*good will to men*" as eloquently as he has sung of "*peace on earth*."

The following characteristic notice of this great poem is from the brilliant pen of Nathaniel P. Rogers, editor of *The Herald of Freedom*.

"'Peace on Earth.' The graphic and golden-lyred author seems to *adopt* the good natured motto from long winged messengers from the starry firmament. I think the firmament of his own bosom—not star-lit but sun-lit—

if he would but recognize it (as he does recognize it, notwithstanding,) is the real fountain and original of this great sentiment, and that the 'Angels' who proclaimed it to him were his own dove-winged convictions of heart. I think we are all in the habit of laying too much to the sky. Humanity—or love to human kind, (and all kind) Human love I mean, the kind that helps whoever and whatever needs help—it has n't its home in the cold blue heavens—or any where off the earth where mankind roam, and where human hearts are beating. Here Love has its home, like the Love of the Ettrick Shepherd's 'Bird of the wilderness,'—it is 'on Earth,'—though its 'lay is in heaven.'

It is no great matter where Love comes from—so that we have it, and show it. Yet I think we ought to be careful about too much of this *moral* star-gazing. Let astronomy look up—and 'lift the long tube.' Humanity, Divinity, or whatever name you call it—it seems to me has never occasion to. All its gazes should be *horizontal*,—sloping downwards if any way,—with its ear bent in that direction, to 'catch' its own 'ground-cry.'"

PEACE ON EARTH.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

"Peace on Earth!"—the starry lyres
 That Judah's shepherds heard at night,
 When, far above them, angel quires
 Hung hymning, and a sudden light
 Fringed all the clouds with gold,
 That round the "heavenly vision" rolled—
 Those starry lyres, that told
 Of a Redeemer's birth,
 Made this their burden—"Peace on Earth!"

Those golden lyres, by angels strung,
 And attuned to angel ears,
 With yet another burden rung
 In accord with hymning spheres;
 Those awe-struck shepherds, gazing up again,
 In words distinct and bold,
 From lyres and lips that rolled,
 And the Redeemer's message told,
 That other burden heard—"GOOD WILL TO MEN!"

Yes, and one heavenly burden more,—
 The burden that good spirits love to bear,—

That angel-anthem earthward bore,
And its sweet tones filled all the holy air.
"Glory to God!"—The lowliest and nighest,
As well as the remotest of the quire,
Their lips all glowing with a seraph's fire,
Sang "TO OUR GOD BE GLORY IN THE HIGHEST!"
Their message to the up-gazing shepherds given,
Breaking the solemn silence of the night,
Those sons of music, holiness, and light,
In sweet society retired into the depths of heaven.

"Glory to God!"—To Him doth glory come
From the death-shock of armies, met in battle,
Where his own children lie, like butchered cattle,
In hecatombs around a bursting bomb?
Or in the thick cloud sulphurous and dun,
Poured from the hot throat of a thundering gun,
As if to hide its murders from the sun?
Where the long roll of the unmuffled drum,
And the shrill shrieking fife,
Drown the loud curse—the groan—
The prayer of the down-trodden ones—the moan
Of faintly ebbing life,—
The yell of dying horses, that are crushing
Their riders under them—the jeer—the flouting
Of hostile squadrons at each other rushing—
"The thundering of the captains and the shouting?"
To HIM who from his goodness draws his bliss,
Cometh there "glory," from a scene like this?

No! But from fields all green with growing things,
And fresh with frequent rains,
From pastures round whose ever flowing springs,
Cattle are grouped in summer :—from broad plains
Yellow with harvest, that the breathing West
As o'er them it goes,
Heaves like an infant's or an ocean's breast,
Just sinking to repose ;—
From vineyards loaded with their purpling fruit,
Quietly basking on their sunny slopes,
From meadows in their lily spangled suit,
From orchards fragrant with their blooming hopes,
And from the constant babble of the brook,

That dashes down amongst its mossy rocks
Where the lone patient angler throws his hook,
And from the panting flocks,
Gathered for washing on its grassy side,
And as they issue dripping from its tide—
From the loud bleatings of o'er anxious dams,
And from the ready answer of their lambs,
And from the shout and the loud laugh of men,
In time of vintage or of "harvest home,"
In toil and health, rejoicing even as when
Beneath the leafy and o'er-arching dome
Of Paradise, did Love with Joy and Plenty, roam—
From peaceful scenes, like these, unknown to story,
Yet not the less *enjoyed*, to God there cometh "glory."

And from a world, that, like a wayward child,
A father's guiding care, and love, hath spurned,
And sought its pleasures in the dens defiled,
Where Luxury and Lust their victims burned
On Belial's altar; but shall have returned
With bitter tears and a repentant sigh,
From the far country where it has sojourned,
Envyng the very tenants of the sty,
There shall the *highest* Glory come to God most high.

For in a world thus reconciled to God,
Nor din of arms, nor "garments rolled in blood,"
Shall shock the peaceful soul. The oppressor's rod
Shall he lay down; and where abhorred he stood,
Loved shall he stand; for in fraternal mood
Shall he embrace the brother he oppressed,
Each find his joy in doing others good;
Man reckon him the greatest who is best,
And God be glorified when all on earth are blessed.

LETTER FROM NANTUCKET.

Since I left Lynn to make my long anticipated visit to my island-home, and while I have been in the full enjoyment of its innumerable delights, it has occurred to me frequently, and with great force, that most of us vastly underrate the advantages of social intercourse. I am more and more convinced, every day, that it needs only for us human people to come into more frequent contact with each other, in order to melt our icy hearts, and strengthen a thousand fold our mutual attachment. This is especially true of those of us who are engaged in popular reforms. We are so accustomed to look on the dark side of humanity, that we forget it has any other,—so busy in detecting and exposing the spots on the sun, that we see nothing else, and so lose the benefit, to a great extent, of its genial rays. Finding a man, or a sect, or a nation, guilty of some great sin,—and bent, as we should be, on its instant extermination, we are unmindful, as we should not be—that alike the man, the sect, and the nation, have many virtues, to acknowledge and be grateful for which, is indispensable to any healthful success. We thus become captious and cold-hearted, and lose all delicacy and beauty of character. We become forgetful of our own frailties and fallibilities, (at least I can speak for one,) and become morose, uncharitable, tyrannical, and dogmatic. We get in the habit of establishing innumerable tests—a new one every moon—and, with a strange forgetfulness of our changeling history, submit every man's head to the block, whose “developments” vary the slightest shade from our own. Our tempers thus become soured, and our whole system so disarranged, that it is dangerous to touch us on any point, lest we explode.

Such is the inevitable tendency of confining our attention exclusively, or mainly, to ferreting out our neighbor's sins, and taking no thought of his virtues.—Another tendency of such a habit of mind,—a tendency even more palpable and pernicious

than that just alluded to—is to make us at best but “splendid negations,” and too often mere antagonists. While in this state, we pull down much faster than we build up.—and leave things “without form and void.” We trample on the religious prejudices of the community with crushing tread, and, instead of furnishing a proper substitute, leave in the disordered mind a “vacuum” which all “nature abhors.” We drive man from the tottering walls which nevertheless afford some shelter, and compel him to “bide the peltings of the pitiless storm,” without a roof to his head or a hearth to his feet. We despoil his sanctuary of its household gods.—and leave him in that most desolate of conditions,—“without God in the world.” We make him suspect and desert his present friends, and then turn him loose on society, friendless and forlorn. We make him dissatisfied with “the life that now is,” and give him no earnest of “a better life which is to come.” We curse his stars, and furnish him with no sun. We block up the path he is now travelling, and leave him, without chart or compass, to reach the promised haven as best he may.

This is the necessary (because natural) course of all those (and I am quite disposed to speak of them in the first person) who dwell so much upon the diseases of the world, as to have little time to study out the remedies.

It is to no purpose, and worse than no purpose, that you convince me that I am sick, if you at the same time provide me with no cure. It is in vain—yea it is mere “vanity and vexation of spirit”—for you to find fault with the present “house I live in,” yet give me no hint of a better.—And so far as I have treated any one thus, I have treated him most basely,—not indeed with base intent, but nevertheless with a base result.

If—to use a coarse comparison—if you would prevent your dog from gnawing a hard and fleshless bone, and to this end endeavor to snatch it from him by main force, he will resist to the last, and you shall not succeed without a most ignoble battle in which, most probably, you will be the principal loser. But if, instead of pursuing a course so obviously unwise, you simply

procure a piece of wholesome meat, and offer that to your dog, he will instantly leave the bone, and with many a cheerful wag of his tail, (pardon my minuteness of detail,) partake gratefully of the unctuous substitute. So with society. It will snap at you with the fury of an enraged mastiff if you so much as touch the marrowless bone upon which it has been so long sharpening its teeth without satisfying its appetite; but if you approach it gently, with "food convenient for" it, and offer that, to appease at once its anger and its appetite; though you may at first be rejected, sooner or later the "bone of contention" will be laid aside, and the "bread of life" eagerly sought for.

All this may look to my readers very like a confession, while to some it will seem like "taking the back track." Be this as it may, I have been unpacking my mind of its latest thoughts, and laying them before you with the frankness and freedom of a child. They were suggested by a pretty free intercourse for the last two weeks with those who differ widely from me in opinion and practice, but who are bound to me as with hooks of steel, by the enduring ties of early association, and, I should add, long years of useful and honorable employments. They shared with me the joys and sorrows of boyhood, and though, as we approached to manhood, our paths widely diverged, we now meet and mingle together like two truant streams which own the same source, and rejoice, once more, after meandering through many a sunny vale, and escaping from many a dreary wood, to run for a while in the same channel.

I came here with the dust of the battle-field upon my sandals, and its sweat upon my brow, to seek relief and recreation; and I have found it in the sweet society of these loving friends.—Some of them I expected to see as much as the old time-worn and care-worn homestead,—while others came upon me with that agreeable surprise which a lover of nature feels, when, in his wanderings in some accustomed haunt, he discovers a favorite flower which had not blossomed in his path since the years of childhood. Communion with these spirits has softened—perhaps only for a

time—the asperities of my nature (or position) and fixed my eyes so intently upon the bright tints in the great picture of life, that its deep shades have escaped my eye almost entirely, and I am half resolved, like the cheerful dial, to record “only the hours which are sunny.”

Verily it is good for our poor race that its scattered members take down (or leap over) the bars which society has put up between them, and enjoy the luxury—for say what we will it is a luxury—of a good hearty embrace. For then,

“Hand locked in hand, heart locked in heart ;”

forgetting all injuries, and remembering all benefits ; burying the weapons of war beneath the olive-branch of peace, and “soothing ourselves with pleasant loves” beneath its quiet shade ; we shall soon be united by that unity of spirit which, as it is the only bond of purity, is also the “only bond of peace,” (all other bonds are but as ropes of sand which cannot endure, or as bonds of iron which ought not to.) And to remove these bars of which I have spoken, and ensure the “heavenly union” which I have so faintly foreshadowed, it is well, as often as is consistent with other duties, to travel out of the narrow circuit of one’s place of residence, whether it be a city or a hamlet, and enlarge and elevate the mind by intercourse with those whom we call “strangers,”—and especially those whose habits of mind and life differ widely from our own. This will be sure to deepen and widen the channel of our thought, and enlarge the circle of our affections. It will prevent “lands intersected by a narrow frith” from “abhorring each other,” and “mountains interposed” will no longer “make enemies of nations.” “The lion and the leopard”—now at relentless war—will “lie down together,” and the “little child”—now a victim of both—“shall lead them.” Men will quit this marching about the country in battle array, while their swords will be beaten into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks. And I believe these long arms which the city is extending to the country, and the country is reaching back to the city, are daily and hourly drawing the hearts of men more nearly

together, and leading them rapidly toward this happy result. Every car which courses over our railroads is a "car of emancipation,"—hastening with the speed of light to release men from the thralldom of "state lines" and national prejudices. Every time you lessen the distance between the Old World and the New by those mighty engines, which from the way they devour space should seem to live on it, you lessen the chance of war, or, in other words, teach the people the great lesson of human brotherhood. You thus bring folks so near together that they can't fight. You make friends of them.

Humanity is being steamed out of its jealousies and enmities. And when you have brought the two worlds—the mother and her daughter—a little nearer together, so they can kiss each other, they will give up "preparing for war," and there will be no killing, except of fatted calves for the festival.

BE PATIENT.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN NATION.

Be patient, Oh, be patient ! Put your ear against the earth ;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth ;
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day !

Be patient, Oh, be patient ! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must under ground be wrought ;
But as sure as ever there's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with LIBERTY, the blade time shall be here.

Be patient, Oh, be patient ! Go and watch the wheat-ears grow !
So imperceptibly, that ye can mark nor change, nor throe ;
Day after day—day after day, till the ear is fully grown ;
And then, again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient, Oh, be patient ! Though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crowned with the sunny sheen :
Be ripening ! be ripening ! mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire, on Freedom's harvest day !

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF REFORM.

I have just returned from a delightful visit to my island home, and re-entered upon my duties with a recruited body and a refreshed spirit. I think the visit did me good. I know it did. It increased my faith—it broadened my vision—and brightened my sight. Intercourse with enlightened minds and generous spirits, whose path was once parallel with mine, and in some instances almost identical, but who, driven by the varying winds and tides of life, have been for the last few years sailing over far different waters, and visiting remote channels and coasts,—such intercourse, of which I partook freely and largely, did much to elevate my ideas of right, and enlarge my ideas of duty. It enabled me to see more distinctly than hitherto, not only their errors, (i. e. the errors of the friends alluded to) and the errors of community,—but *my own*, and those of my co-workers and associates. It revealed to me, especially, the danger *and moral death* which must inevitably be the fate of those who, assuming to themselves *immunity from error*, proceed to dogmatize and trifle about matters concerning which, to say the least, there is room for an honest difference of opinion. And, moreover, it unsealed my eyes to the consciousness that a man may err in judgment, and by the strength of his social feelings, and the wonderful power of his religious associations, be drawn aside from the straight and narrow path of the highest wisdom—which “but few” ever “enter”—and still be, in many respects, a kind, affectionate, and noble spirit. This fact we have too often overlooked, and finding men sluggish, or stupid even, in their approach to what seemed to us the absolute truth, have often, in impatience of spirit, and blindness of zeal, used language which, as no man can honorably listen to or be influenced by, so no one can honorably use.

I have two motives for turning my columns into a confessional to “this extent” (“no more”):—first, because I was impelled to by a strong sense of justice:—second, because I am getting more

and more afraid, daily and hourly, of being associated, in the minds of my readers, with that class of persons, who—to use a rather hackneyed comparison—have their Procrustean beds on which they measure every man, shortening him by the knife or lengthening him by the rope, as he happens to exceed, or fall within, their iron standard. I believe in progress—infinite progress; and with this belief, must of necessity, be very suspicious of those who boast, either by doubtful words or obvious *actions*, that they are perfect. There are men who were never known to acknowledge themselves in the wrong—whose self-esteem towers up over their intellectual domain to such a height, as to throw reason, conscience, reverence, and—as an almost inevitable consequence—truthfulness, even, completely into the shade. Such persons, especially when spurred on by a brisk combativeness, are incapable of seeing the least good in, or doing the least justice to, an enemy. When this class of mind gets into the reform ranks, it may be bold, intrepid, uncompromising, but it is also rude, boastful, unfair, and unforgiving. It has no magnanimity, no charity, no love,—but is captious, cold-hearted, and hateful, and soon becomes morose and misanthropic.

Now the true spirit of reform, if my present apprehension of it is right, while it is brave is also generous; while it is uncompromising is also charitable; while it is dignified is also humble; while it is almost impetuous is yet civil; while it has the wisdom of a serpent has also the harmlessness of a dove. It has the keenest perception of wrong, and is as alive to the touch of vice as the *Æolian* harp to the slightest breath of air,—and yet has a compassion for the *victim* of vice co-extensive with his desolation of spirit and sadness of soul. While it has thunders of denunciation for sin in high places, and makes the high priests of politics and religion astonished at its reproof, it has also the gentlest notes of mingled encouragement and admonition for the debased *subjects* of this dreadful priestcraft, and a kindly ear for all their complaints. While it has no sympathy with the bastard religion of this country, which has a shade and shelter for every vice within the broad

pale of fashionable practice, and impiously baptises the dreadful systems of war and slavery in the name of the Lord Jesus,—it nurses the religious sentiment itself with tender care, and protects it with a watchful eye and jealous hand from everything which would weaken or impair it.

Such, in brief, is my view, this morning, of the spirit of reform. It strikes me, now, that it is broad enough to satisfy all those who have enough of moral perception to discover, and enough of moral courage to embrace the simple principles of the New Testament, or rather the principles of that pure instinct which dates its existence far back to the childhood of the race, and out of which as its purest embodiment, sprang the New Testament.

MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE "LIBERTY BELL."

One may not, in these days, confess Christ before men, without many a careful qualification; for, to be a Christian, in the minds of a large majority of the community, is to be a supporter, directly, of every sin within the broad pale of fashionable practice. Nay, more; a conscientious man may well explain, in these degenerate times, his belief in a God, before he asserts it very boldly in the presence of a mixed audience; for the God of *this* nation, (if not of all nations,) is a God who has a complacent smile for all degrees of moral obliquity which are not in disfavor with the ever-shifting majority. That Being before whom angels bow and archangels veil their faces, and in whose sight the very heavens are unclean, is to this people an unknown God, and has no part nor lot in its "ever-blessed Trinity." The triune divinity of this nation is the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives.

So inverted an order of things prevails in this country, that the name Infidel has become transfigured from its original and repulsive meaning into a term of the holiest significance. To be an infidel now, is to hide the outcast, to unbind the heavy burthen,

to open the prison door, to give wings to the hunted fugitive, to come out from iniquitous institutions, to let the oppressed go free. To be persecuted for righteousness sake is considered proof positives of the grossest atheism, while to be upheld by the praises of a wicked and adulterous generation is to give certain evidence of the new birth ! To advocate doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us, is to incur the charge of being mere abstractionists ; and to preach the doctrine “ be ye *perfect*, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect,” is to subject yourself to the coarsest ribaldry ! To advocate entire reliance upon the arm of God, and to proclaim Christ as the noblest of Reformers, because his faith was not in principalities and powers, but in the omnipotence of Truth and Love, is to be a no-government-man and a French Revolutionist !—and if you so much as *intimate* the propriety of returning good for evil, you shall be reckoned as Anti-Christ himself. To preach the antiquated doctrine, that “ where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty,” and to hold our religious and political institutions to this test, is to be an advocate of downright mobocracy—and to demand for poor dis-*man*-tled humanity free thought, free speech, and free worship, is thought seriously to endanger the throne of the Omnipotent ! To assert that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath, and therefore that it is lawful to do well on that day, is to be a contemner of God’s laws and a despiser of his institutions ; and any practical enforcement of that doctrine is treated as a crime, in comparison with which the selling of men and women at auction, and the rupturing of the bonds of marriage are cardinal virtues ! To represent it as any part of a clergyman’s duty to labor in behalf of such secular and Nazarene enterprises as Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Peace, or Chastity, is shuddered at, (not without reason,) as endangering the “ brotherhood ” itself ; while to deny the divinity of this hungry locustry is nothing short of rank blasphemy !

Such is a picture, hastily composed, of the religion of this nation—and, strangely enough, it passes quite generally for the religion of Christ ! It would seem that God had sent the people a

strong delusion, that they might believe a lie. One in the least acquainted with the genius of Christianity must be struck with a surprise bordering on horror, to hear a community to which the above strictures apply calling itself by the name of Christ, while he will look upon the fact that its church and clergy have assumed that sacred name, as *setting the limits to human assurance*.

A friend said to me a few days since, that the terms christian, and pious, and Godly, and the like, having undergone a radical change in their signification, we ought, as Reformers, to repudiate their application to us or our enterprise, as a gross indignity, and adopt the name of infidel, as the most honorable appellation extant. There was a spice of good sense in the suggestion, and I sympathized with the spirit which dictated it. But I think it is due to the age in which we live—an age surpassing the Lutheran in searching scrutiny and bold exposure—to pursue an opposite course, until we have compelled the “long, low, piratical looking craft,” which infests our seas under the deceptive name of “THE CHURCH,” to strike the white flag of Christianity, which it has dared to place at its mast-head, and run up the bloody banner of the Buccaneer!

Long enough have the Scribes and Pharisees of our time covered their nakedness with the graceful drapery of a Christian profession. True, it

“———— sits loose upon them,
Like a giant’s robe upon a dwarfish thief;”—

but the people have been so long accustomed to consider the poor rattling skeleton which is hid in the folds of that robe as the true body of Christ, that it is hard to undeceive them. Nevertheless, or rather *all the more*, the work should be done.

Until this is done, the cause of Reform will continue to languish. But do this—dethrone the pro-slavery priesthood of America, and its cannibal god—and Humanity will spring to her feet with the alacrity of youth; the cords of oppression, which have worn deep into her quivering flesh, will be snapped asunder; the clouds of superstition, which have for so long a time obscured

the light of reason, will be scattered, and righteousness will cover the land as the waters cover the sea.

To accomplish all this, it is mainly necessary that in our lives and conversations we illustrate the life-giving energy and purifying influences of the Reform movement. Let this be done. Let the people see that all the ways of Reform are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;—not that pleasantness which is but the reflection of the lascivious smiles of public opinion, not that peace which takes no thought of purity, but that pleasantness and peace which have their beautiful emblem in the great heart of old Ocean, which, alike in the wildest storms and the serenest calms, remains ever in undisturbed serenity. Show the people this, prove to them how perfect the harmony between the essential principles of true Reform and the divine life of Jesus; contrast the barren ceremonials and creaking performances of the Church with the healthful exercises of a benevolent life;—and ere long you shall see the people flock to our cause like the army of birds, which every winter leave behind them the naked forests and ice-clad mountains of the North, for the sunny plains and fragrant gardens of the South.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—life is earnest—
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to *act*, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the glorious Present !
Heart within, and God o'er head !

Lives of all great men remind us
We can make *our* lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

A HARMLESS SOLDIERY.

The good people of Nantucket never had the military disease but once, and then they "took it kindly," as some folks do the small pox. That exception is curious enough to record. A few years since a number of her public-spirited youths feeling the need of more elegant amusement than their homely town afforded, and feeling, possibly, a little desire to imitate the natives "on the continent," resolved to form themselves into a military corps.—They accordingly sent to Boston, or some other wonderful place, for a due supply of "shooting irons," cutlasses, tail-feathers, patent leather boxes, (to put their heads in,) blank-cartridges, (and boxes to put them in,) &c. &c. &c. The articles arrived "in good order and well conditioned,"—and the enthusiastic young men,—guiltless as yet of all military glory, and green as grass on all military affairs, (with one or two ripe exceptions,)—proceeded to "organize" themselves with all dispatch. One of the first things to be done was to "frame a constitution;" for a body without a constitution is as ungainly — as a neck without a collar. After long, patient, and prayerful consideration, they at last adopted one, worthy of a Jefferson. It will be impossible in this brief paper to give the curious (and, as I trust, by this time impatient) reader but one article of this solemn instrument; but that shall be the first one, both in order and importance, and will serve as well, perhaps, as a greater number, to convey an idea of the burning patriotism and bloody intent of these embryo soldiers. It is very laconic, and reads thus:

ARTICLE 1ST. *In case of war this company shall disband.*

The further history of this corps is hidden in the womb of oblivion. Those bran new, and possibly bran-stuffed, coats never took public possession of one of the citizens,—nor were any of their heads ever taken cap-tive by those formidable looking caps. The bayonets never kept any one at bay—and the only time the guns ever "went off" they forgot to come back again, though, as

it seemed from the constitution, they were enlisted in a war from which there was to be "no discharge!" The cutlasses never "cut" any of us—lads *or* "lasses"—but once, and then they "cut us" for good,—a kind of cutting not supposed to be within their province.

And thus ended the military experience of Nantucket,—and her citizens quietly resumed their pacific business, viz:—fitting whale-ships for the Pacific ocean. The truth is, the humanity of this hardy people is too near "high water mark" to admit of their becoming "amateur butchers,"—as a friend of mine calls soldiers—and their habits of independence are altogether too well established to allow of their wearing "uniforms," or wading through our heavy sands at the bidding of an epaulette. They have feathers enough in their caps now, without stealing any from the tails of birds, or manufacturing any from cotton wool! And for their bravery, let the great whales answer,—and the insurgent ocean! They are skilled above all other people in harpooning the monsters of the sea,—but come to harpooning their equal brothers, and hurling their bright lances into the breasts of their sisters,—they are fortunately ill adapted for any such war. And I trust they will never "go into" any such without taking a most apostolic care to "count the cost." It so happens that the isolated position of Nantucket renders it absolutely necessary that it should always remain neutral,—so that any military schooling, to teach the inhabitants the art of murder, would be utterly useless.

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

BY HARRIET WINSLOW.

Why thus longing, why for ever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim ;
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn ?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still ;
Leaf and flower, and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy can'st throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and wo ;

If no dear eye thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own ;
If no brother's sorrow thou can'st lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the world's applauses ;
Not by works that give thee world-renown ;
Nor by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Can'st thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give ;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou can'st truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright ?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine ;
But with fervent love, if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine !

Yet, if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
 Sighing that they are not thine alone,
 Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
 And their beauty, and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit ;
 Sweetly to her worshipper she sings ;
 All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
 Round her trusting child, she fondly flings.

HOW TO KEEP LENT.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Is this a Fast, to keep
 The larder lean
 And clean
 From fat of neats and sheep?—
 Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
 The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
 Or ragg'd to go,
 Or show
 A downcast look and sour?
 No:—'Tis a fast to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat
 And meat
 Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate
 And hate ;
 To circumcise thy life ;
 To shew a *heart* grief-rent ;
 To starve thy sin,
 Not *bin* ;
 And that's to keep thy Lent !

WASHINGTONIANISM IN CONNECTION WITH OTHER REFORMS.

What is the reason that so many Washingtonians are afraid of all other reform movements besides their own? Whence so much jealousy? Are not all reforms kindred? Can you work for one without preparing yourself to work for all? If your zeal in the Washingtonian cause springs from a heart full of love for your race, will not the same heart prompt you to engage in every humane work? Is there not an essential unity in all the great movements for the elevation of man?

These questions are of vital importance, and ought to be considered carefully by every philanthropist, whatever his particular sphere. They are of especial pertinence at the present time, especially to Washingtonians, who are just now on the eve of a great crisis. The career of the Washingtonian reform has been brilliant beyond all parallel, and its prominent advocates are quite intoxicated with their success. Hence their danger. While they were few and humble—while the rich and influential affected to look down upon them, and they had to meet in small rooms and “upper chambers”—they were safe. But now that they are covered with the blandishments of the world, now that their praise is on all lips, and even the priests—the very last who ever see good out of their own ranks—are seeking for some of the laurels of victory, there is danger that they (the Washingtonians) may become as time-serving and corrupt as the church. The only thing which can save them from this state is an enlarged idea of their duties. They must learn to feel that fidelity to their great principle requires of them to enlist in every band of Reformers, and to shrink from no obloquy and no persecution which may be incident to such a course. They mustn't trouble themselves about their reputation. They must be willing to be made of *no* reputation. And, above all, they must not be afraid of injuring one good cause by enlisting in another. Truths never

clash. Right never quarrels with right. The armies of God are never arrayed against each other. They march on *together*, in solid phalanx, with one banner,—the white banner of love—waving over them all, and with never a doubt that the battle will be theirs. It pains me, to witness the want of faith among Washingtonians whose brilliant success ought to make them faithful and hopeful above all others. They seem to be completely bewildered by their achievements, else they would jump at the chance of carrying out the principles which they have so nobly tested, into all the departments of reform. Instead of this, however, they think Washingtonianism glory enough for one man, and yet with all its glory they are afraid it will be tarnished by the least contact with any other ism. Now in point of fact, no class of men is so imperatively bound to join in other reforms as the Washingtonians. The same principles which they have tried so thoroughly in the temperance movement will be found equally powerful wherever they are applied. They have done more to increase *faith in moral power* than all other classes combined. They have accomplished that in four years, by the power of truth and love, which the harsh enactments of penal law could *never* have accomplished. They have vindicated the supremacy of spiritual over physical power as it was never vindicated before. Now why, in the name of all that is noble, why don't they press onward and continue their warfare for the race so long as one of its enemies remain unvanquished? They need not spend so much time taking care of their laurels—all such laurels will fade. If you would have a chaplet about your brows which shall prove perennial, you must cull its flowers from the broad field of universal reform. This devotion to *one idea* alone,—and this cherishing and nursing of that idea as if it were a sick and feeble-minded child which would become diseased or depraved by coming in contact with any other, seems to me small business—altogether beneath the dignity of a man. Washingtonians ought to be ashamed of it.

REACTION.

There is reason to hope that the raging fires of intemperance will soon be quenched. And yet there is always fear of *reaction*. It seems to follow, as the night the day,—on the heels of every reform. The fire which to-day seems smothered, leaps forth with fresh fury to-morrow, and almost consumes our zeal. You have, perhaps, been present at a large conflagration. If so, you have been intensely excited by the struggle of the elements—the fire and water contending for mastery. At one time the maddened flames seem subdued and swallowed up,—the wearied firemen suspend their labors,—the shouts of the multitude rend the air with the cry of “*all out*,”—when lo!—they burst forth with added fury, and, like so many fiery spirits, dance in mockery over the smoking ruins. But the invincible arm of man is again at work—the aspiring flames are once more covered as it were with “repentant ashes”—we feel that *now* the victory is won—we turn homeward—when lo the flame, like Milton’s Satan,

“With fresh alacrity and force renewed
Springs upward—a pyramid of fire—
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environed, wins his way.”

Not dissimilar to me seems the course of the temperance reform. Its progress has never been steady. At one time, when the old Temperance societies were in their glory, the cause went bravely on. Thousands were reclaimed. The air was coined into sweet music by the song of the reformed. From Maine to Louisiana the great cause left its foot-print which the waves of eternity may not obliterate; and the echoes of the Alleghanies, ceased not to answer night nor day to the thanksgivings of them that were saved. But there came a reaction. Many of the societies became

“Extinct with scarce a show of dying.”

Designing politicians laid their unholy hands on the cause, and it withered and died at their touch. Temperance tracts, which

were flying from one end of the country to the other, like birds of message, laden with the words of truth, were stopped, while yet on the wing, robbed of their message, and made the unwilling tools of crafty men.

Now and then a temperance essay was read;—but oftener than now and then, some office-seeker with intemperance in his heart, would take the words of temperance on his lips, and

“Steal the livery of the court of Heaven,
To serve the devil in.”

What was the consequence? As we have said, *reaction*, and then, *inaction*.

So went the matter when a few common men in Baltimore awoke from the drunkard's sleep, and awoke NEW MEN. Fired with a new spirit, the film and the beam taken from their own eye, they were inspired with the inspiration of a Paul, to rescue their lost brethren. They came forth clothed with light. They spoke as those having authority. They came with no pretension, with no flourish of trumpets, with no authority but that of truth, with no eloquence but that of the heart, with no prompter but an awakened conscience;—and, clad in the panoply of rectitude, went to those who seemed to them no less fellow-men, because they had been *fellow-drunkards*, and besought them to reform. They touched their hearts, by telling them the secret of their hearts. They drew from the sweet and bitter waters of experience. They knew where the sore was, and that there was a “balm in Gilead.” They had lived the life of the sot. They had struggled in the burning maelstrom of intemperance; they knew its horrors; and *therefore* it was that they preached with power, that their words dropped like coals of fire upon the heart of the poor inebriate. “Never man spake like these men”—to *them*. They had been used to hard names, and inured to hard fare. They had been neglected lepers by the roadside; and these were the only Samaritans who could bind up their wounds. These were their own brethren—flesh of their flesh as it were. Here was a good thing from Nazareth. And when the Reformed Drunkard

told them of the beauties of the new life, and when he bade the doubters "COME AND SEE!"—*they came*. They hung upon his lips, and their hearts danced to the music of his voice, as the ocean-harp thrills to the breath of heaven. First one, then another, dashed the red cup to the earth, hoisted the white flag of temperance, till

"Now, at last, the sacred influence of light appears,
And from the walls of heaven shoots far into the bosom of the night
A glimmering *dawn*."

Let us not however mistake this *dawn* for day. Let us not relax our labors. Let us not compromise our principles. The moment we lag, the moment we rest our arms, reaction will come, the storm cloud will again gather over our head, and we shall once more be deluged with intemperance.

SONG.

BY C. T. CONGDON.

When the night of doubt and danger
Hovers o'er my mortal state,
For the possible to-morrow,
I can wait, I can wait.

With a heart and head God-given,
With two hands at any rate,
For the instant of endeavor,
Need I wait, need I wait?

'Till this discord of things human,
'Till this comedy abate
Into music, into method,
I can wait, I can wait.

Character'd in letters golden,
Spite of cypher-writing fate,
I can read: "EMANCIPATION";
I can wait, I can wait!

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently, and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her :
All that remains of her,
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home ?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or, was there a dearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light,
From window and easement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless, by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled,—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—

Over the brink of it :
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care :
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest !
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour ;
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour !

SPIRITUAL TYRANNY.

The Chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison, whose office it has been to administer spiritual gruel to the "Convicts," and to examine the food which other persons might volunteer to furnish, having looked at that furnished by our friend Charles Spear, and found that it was altogether too nutritious for prisoners, has forbidden them to receive any more from such hands. It might make them discontented with their position, and ungrateful for their privileges! It would certainly unfit their stomachs for the theological slops to which they had been accustomed. I think, therefore, that the Chaplain acted wisely. His act was one of pure self-defence. Charles Spear carried those poor fellows the Gospel, the Glad Tidings. Their Chaplain had "filled their belly with the husks that the swine did eat;" and he knew that if once they got the taste of any decent food, if once they heard a syllable of true doctrine, they would reject his unwholesome messes like so much poison. Why then should he not act the priest, and forbid their receiving any food except from his porringer? People appear to be astonished at his conduct. How blind! What is there to be astonished at? Is such tyranny confined to Prisons? Would that it were! It is just fitted to Prison-atmosphere.

It "wouldn't do" to preach *the Gospel* in a jail yard; for the spirit of the Gospel is a spirit of freedom. The Prison is in direct opposition to the Gospel,—violating all its commands. If I were teaching convicts, therefore, I should tell them not to do another hour's work for the State. I should advise them to run away, the first chance they got. I would help them run away if I could, just as I would assist any other runaway slaves. If I could, I would leave the door open behind me, to give them a chance; for every soul of them is wrongfully imprisoned. Two out of three, were sent there by the rumseller, and are now expiating the crimes of the rumseller. The other third are suffering for some-

body's sins besides their own. Their Chaplain will tell you that they are suffering for *Adam's* sins—and not only deserve temporary confinement, but everlasting hell-fire, because of that ante-diluvian young man's iniquities. Well, the Chaplain preaches wiser than he means :—and I am glad that he is willing to admit that, at all events, the poor fellows are not jugged for their own transgressions. That fact ought to be enough to blow all the prisons to fragments. I think the best thing about the popular theology is, that it traces man's iniquities back to his progenitors : and if it would only be consistent with such an opinion, it might do some good ; but the fact is, after admitting his entire innocence, after not only conceding, but contending that his iniquity is a legacy that he received direct from the great-grandfather of the human family—it then proceeds to damn him inwardly and outwardly, in this world and the next, for having dared to have such a wicked old reprobate for his ancestor !

But I have wandered. I said that the spiritual tyranny which called forth these remarks, is not confined to State Prisons. It is the natal atmosphere of our churches. A viler tyranny never crushed the spirit of man, than that of the American Priesthood. I know there are glorious exceptions ; but standing out, as these do, so prominently as “ to be known of all men,” they afford irrefutable proof of my position.

When I speak of the priesthood, I mean those who claim to have *authority* over the souls of men ; those who, like the Centurion, say to their hundred soldiers, Go, and they go ; Come, and they come ; and to their servants, Do this, and they do it.

How many men, and especially how many women, are, all their life time subject to this bondage ! Why, the bondage which those men are under in the State's Prison, is nothing to the bondage they are under in the Chaplain's Prison. It is the parson not the turnkey, whose tread should send terror to their souls, and whose voice should sound to them, like “ a voice from the tombs.” If it were not for him, they would have a freedom beyond the constraint of stone and iron, and on which no warden might turn his

key. If it were not for such as he, they would not be in prison. The Prisons, Jails, and Insane Hospitals, look to the popular theology and its Institutions, as to the great reservoir from which they draw their supply. Once dethrone the "unknown God" which this nation worships, and every prison door would be opened, and every priestly mouth would be shut.

Let us not complain, then, that the theology which furnishes the Prison cell, should also furnish the Prison altar. The Prison cell and the Prison altar are one. Let them remain so. And, meanwhile, we will protest against both Priest and Prison. How? Simply by preaching the Gospel;—by showing a more excellent way: by telling the world not to imprison its enemies, but to love them, and to feed them; to return good for evil, blessing for cursing, kisses for blows; by calling upon the people to rally round the LAW OF LOVE, which is the LAW OF GOD, and to refuse allegiance to any Government, which is not based upon that. The call of the age is for such a stand. The white banner of love is now trailing in the dust, and from every citadel, waves the red flag of force. This flag must be struck, *if so be, we are ready to hoist the other*. Many of us are ready, and are now sailing under the Gospel Banner, acknowledging nobody's stars, and fearing nobody's stripes! The only star which can lead us, is the star of Bethlehem—and the only stripes which can incite us to action, are those under which humanity lies bare and bleeding.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Perhaps the following correspondence may interest my readers enough to warrant its publication.

Mr. Hamilton is an Orthodox clergyman from Mobile, and a slaveholder. He recently preached in two or three of the Salem pulpits for the purpose of raising funds to erect a Seamen's Bethel in Mobile. My friend James P. Boyce, feeling indignant that a trafficker in human flesh should be recognized and fellowshipped as a Christian, wrote a scorching article upon the subject, which happened to reach Mr. Hamilton, and drew from him the following letter, to which I append my reply.

BOSTON, SEPT. 24, 1844.

To the Editor of the E. C. Washingtonian:—

SIR:—By the politeness of W. Lawrence, Esq., of this city, I obtained sight of the very courteous notice of me taken in your paper of Thursday morning, Sept. 19, 1844, and headed "*Orthodox Thief—Dr. Hamilton—Clerical Impudence.*"

I write, therefore, to request the favor of six copies of the said paper of Sept. 19, to be sent me—directed to the care of W. W. Stone, Esq., No. 85 State Street, Boston. At any place in Boston that you may appoint, the aforesaid "*Orthodox Thief,*" will try, for once, at least,—to pay honestly the price of the article he wishes to obtain.

Your humble servant,

WM. T. HAMILTON.

REPLY.

LYNN, SEPT. 25, 1844.

SIR:—In cheerful compliance with your request I mail herewith six copies of the last *Essex County Washingtonian* and cannot forbear commending them to your thoughtful perusal.

You seem to feel hurt that my worthy correspondent "J. P. B." should have dealt with you so roughly; but I am sure if you knew him personally, and could appreciate the deep hatred of slavery which prompted him to speak thus plainly of the enslaver of his brothers and sisters, you could have no other feelings toward

him than those of respect and admiration. Jesus Christ denounced the Pharisees of old as "vipers," and "children of hell," and our friend "J. P. B." feels that he has yet to learn that one who, after the lapse of eighteen centuries from the birth of Christ, dares, in his name, to traffic in human flesh does not deserve epithets equally strong. The slaveholder is not more the "victim of circumstances" than was the hypocritical pharisee—and doubtless those "circumstances" should be considered. But I appeal to your own sober judgment, as a man, whether if "J. P. B." held your sister in slavery, any circumstances would prevent your calling him a thief—and especially do I ask of you whether if the enslaver of your sister was also a professed disciple of Jesus Christ, you would not make him wither beneath the scorching power of your indignation? I believe you would. Lay, then, all prejudice and self-interest aside, and tell me if, with a clean conscience, you can complain of a man because he denounces chattel slavery as the worst of robberies, and him who engages in it as the worst of thieves? I would not rant. I would not be pharisaical. I would on no account forget that you are my brother, and that, nurtured under the same baneful influences, I might myself have been a slaveholder. But these considerations do not affect the great question of right. Slaveholding is a sin, and, like all sin, should be immediately abolished. Now is the accepted time. Nowhere in the scriptures which you profess to teach, do I find anything said of "gradual" repentance, or "gradual" reform. I do not feel, however, like reasoning this point. If you need to have it proved that it is wrong to hold my sister in slavery for a single second, then pardon me for saying that you must be reason-proof.

You may say that you treat your slaves well,—in the dignified language of Henry Clay, that you keep them "sleek and fat." But need I say a word to strip such sophistry of its disguise, and show it up in all its naked infamy? I trust not. I trust you will admit that if the enslaver of your beloved mother, in reply to your indignant demand for her instant liberation, should retort, with a

jeer, that she was "sleek and fat," you would put the brand of shame upon his brow "until it went hissing to the bone."

Do you say that slavery is one of the legal institutions of our country, sheltered beneath the wings of her constitution, and part and parcel of her domestic policy? Alas, my friend, this is too true. The laws which protect slavery are, in the expressive phrase of John Quincy Adams, "welded" into our constitution! Yes, welded in, and it is to be feared no human power can extract them without breaking that instrument to fragments. Be it so then. Better tear all your written constitutions to shreds and let them be blown by the willing wind to oblivion, rather than enslave a single human being for one instant. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum.* Let there be justice though the heaven falls. Is not this the language of every true heart, and has it not, therefore, passed into a proverb? Why then stop to banter about human constitutions and laws, lest peradventure *they* "fall" with the progress of "justice?" As for the "policy" of this nation, God knows it is infamous enough, and should be repudiated by every human being on the face of the earth, as unequalled, this side of hell, in refined atrocity. And I suspect, my friend, if Jonathan Walker, recently captured on the high seas by one of our American vessels, for assisting the "oppressed to go free," and now imprisoned in a national dungeon in Pensacola waiting his trial for that horrible crime, were your father, you would hate the "policy" of this slave-cursed nation as heartily as I do.

Again you may say,—for some of the greatest statesmen, and "divines" in the country so reason,—that the "Union" is endangered by meddling with the peculiar institutions of the South. Grant it. But is the security of the Union to be the primary and principal, and the security of man, the secondary and collateral thing? Was man made for the Union? I trow not. For one, I say if the Union cannot stand except upon the necks of three millions of men and women, or upon the neck of one man or woman, *let it fall.* Such a Union is a "covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." I go for the right as the only

safety. No argument shall delude me out of this. I shall suspect and repudiate your logic if it leads me to sanction the wrong, for one instant, in you, or anybody. I will not be cajoled into elevating the constitution of any country above the constitution of man. I go for the overthrow of everything which overthrows man, and for its immediate overthrow. I may not be able, in my weakness, to ring the complicated chain of your logic, and tell which of its links are broken. You may dazzle my intellect by a gorgeous defence of slavery and its protecting laws and constitutions. I may not have the skill to untie the Gordian knot with which you may join right and wrong together, nor to thread the labyrinthian mazes of the theology and metaphysics which are used to confine my brother in the house of bondage. All this may bother and confound me. But when you come forth with all this heavy armor about your limbs (flourishing your two edged sword of law and logic) and challenge the armies of Israel to furnish a man who shall dare meet so formidable an assailant, it seems to me that even I might prove to you that a single pebble gathered upon the boundless shores of truth, is an overmatch for any weapons to be found in the armory of error. The truth is, I have unlimited faith in the right. Wrong, under whatever circumstances, must fall before it. And, therefore, weak though I am, though

"I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood,"

I am willing, despite your superior advantages of learning and experience, to meet you in open discussion of the great question—say rather the great topic, for there is no *question*—of American Slavery.

But why detain you longer? It cannot be that with all the light of the nineteenth century streaming upon your path, that you can, for one moment, doubt that chattel slavery is one of the darkest crimes upon the page of human history. And if you do not doubt it, if you see "eye to eye" with me on this point, then

answer me, (I do not ask it dogmatically, but in the most friendly of spirits,) answer me how can you venture, for another moment, to continue a slaveholder?

I have scarcely alluded, in this hurried epistle, to the startling fact that you are not only a slaveholder, but also a professed minister of the Gospel of Christ. I have preferred to appeal to you as a man; for I am free to say if the Gospel of Jesus Christ sanctions slavery, as many contend, I have no part nor lot with it. Therefore I rest this great subject on its own bottom, preferring to disconnect it from all scriptural disputations. *I know* it is wrong to buy and sell human beings, scripture or no scripture. Henry Clay and Professor Stewart to the contrary notwithstanding, *I know* that the law can't make you nor me a chattel, any more than it can make the infinite God a chattel. And *I know*, moreover, that whoever attempts the high-handed act is a traitor to humanity. Thus much *I know*. It is part of my very nature, a part of human nature itself,—“welded in!”

So I warn you, as you love your Bible, not to attempt to prove that it sanctions or even “winks at” chattel slavery; for if you succeed, I'll trample your Bible beneath my foot, as I would a reptile, and so will every man in the land who is not a dastard.

Again I caution you, as you would secure the glory of your God, not to prove him to this people to be a pro-slavery God—for if you do they'll denounce him, ere long, as out-heroding Herod, out-juggernauting Juggernaut, and out-sataning Satan in all that is inhuman and atrocious.

But it is too bad, even by way of hypothesis, to speak of slavery as sanctioned by Christianity or Deity. I tell you that God Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with the oppressor. And when you enslave your brother man you enslave Jesus Christ; for inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of his brethren you do it unto him. You know this as well as I. The whole Southern Church knows it, and he who attempts to bolster himself up in the crime of slaveholding under the pretence that it is agreeable to the laws of God, adds infamy to infamy, and gives

us another and most alarming proof of the damning iniquity of a system which can work such an utter perversion of head and heart.

I know not that I have anything to add. What I have written, though it may seem harsh, has been conceived in a kindly spirit, and brought forth in all charity and love. Receive it as the word of a brother. It may be that the time spent in writing it has been wasted, but I do not believe it. I feel that your heart will respond to nearly every word, and that your conscience will bear witness to its truth. And that it may hasten the time when you shall be able to raise an unstained hand against the institution of American Slavery, or rather when that institution shall be among the things that were, is the earnest wish of

Your friend and brother,

HENRY CLAPP, JR.

TO WM. T. HAMILTON.

SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

How beautiful is the income of spiritual light into the darkened soul! How slowly it struggles up through the mists of sensuality and sin, and how brilliant each ray which it sheds across the mind! There is probably no happiness which we can conceive of, certainly none which we can experience, more exquisite than that which attends upon the mind whose darkness and gloom are gradually giving away before the silent influence of truth. The delightful consciousness that the clouds which for years have spanned the intellect and shrouded the spirit are one by one breaking away, and passing into the world of shadows, is almost too great to bear. And yet this richest of earthly experiences is that of every earnest seeker for truth. No one, it is safe to say, ever bowed humbly and with a childlike trust at the shrine of infinite truth, resolved to lay all that he had, and all that he hoped, upon her altar, without being instantly conscious of the presence of the indwelling God:—and as, one by one, he laid aside his prejudices

and sins, and followed in the path which she pointed out,—although he doubtless found it hedged in with difficulties, and by no means free, at times, from the sharpest pains,—he felt daily and hourly that his soul was becoming transfigured from a grovelling earth-worm to an angel of light.

But the thought which is now present to me most distinctly, is the untold joy of *spiritual inception*,—the distinct realization of spiritual progress,—the palpable vanishing of low and ignoble thoughts,—and the measurable increase of light and love.

I wish I could define this state of mind so truly as to divert my brothers and sisters from the cheap pursuits of a selfish life to the paths of true wisdom. How a man, conscious of an immortal soul which will outlive, and may outshine the stars, can continue on, from day to day, in a life of senseless occupations, or a mere struggle for earthly gauds, utterly heedless of the deep wants of his spiritual nature, and seeking for no joy not consistent with the lowest aims,—is indeed the one mystery of life. Has “reason fled to brutish beasts?” Is it left for the *brute creation* only, to perfect their being and follow out their highest instincts; and is it destined that *man* should stifle the sad cry of his higher nature for food, and heed only the coarse voice of his passions? Such, certainly, is the appearance of things. Moral and intellectual life appears to have lost its attraction—and men give the preference to the most trivial and insipid enjoyments. Oh that one ray of truth might break through into the dark cavern of their minds and gild its dank atmosphere, for a moment at least, with the light of heaven! Poor souls, they may have been blinded so long as to be incompetent to bear the light—even a single ray. It might sear their contracted eyeballs even beyond their present darkness. And yet I have hope. I cannot, I will not believe that the human soul is to be always defrauded of her rights. I will cherish in my mind a prophesy, which shall stay there till it has become a history, that the world is about waking from her dreadful lethargy, and feeling the need of a new life.

This cannot be, however, till men appreciate the intrinsic

excellence of a truthful life—and pursue it for its own sake. If they are aroused from their present torpor by simple fear—and change their course that they may escape some real or imaginary hell,—or if no glimmer of the inborn loveliness of a higher state has reached their souls,—they are yet far, very far, from the Kingdom of Heaven. They must woo virtue as a bride. They must become moral enthusiasts. They must learn to feel that joy at the sight of a new truth in morals, which the enthusiastic florist feels at the sight of a new flower,—or rather, a joy as much greater than his as a perennial virtue is greater than a perishable flower. Once in this state of mind, and you are safe; for I cannot think that any sane mind which has ever been deeply enamoured of Truth can cease to be her suitor. Her fascinations never lose their bewitching power. Her beauty never fades. Her resources never fail. Her love never falters. She comes to you “new every evening and fresh every morning.” When least you expect it, in the hour of your greatest despondency, in the season of your bitterest affliction, the heavens suddenly open, and she descends upon you like a dove, and sends peace into your wavering spirit.

In moments of dream-ful uncertainty, a new thought suddenly enters your mind—whence and how you cannot divine—and instantly doubts which have puzzled your intellect for years are solved, and clouds which have shaded your path from your infancy up, flap their black wings and flee. Such thoughts are the frequent visitants of every lover of Truth, and are the messengers which she sends to guide him through her paths. And what welcome messengers they are! How often have they chased away some lurking fear or lingering suspicion, and as they departed shaken from their wings an incense which has been balm to the soul for years!

THE BEREAVED SLAVE MOTHER.

BY JESSE HUTCHINSON, JR.

Oh ! deep was the anguish of the slave mother's heart,
When call'd from her darling forever to part ;
So grieved that lone mother, that heart broken mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The lash of the master her deep sorrows mock,
While the child of her bosom is sold on the block ;
Yet loud shrieks that mother, poor heart broken mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The babe, in return, for its fond mother cries,
While the sound of their wailings together arise ;
They shriek for each other, the child and the mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The harsh auctioneer, to sympathy cold,
Tears the babe from its mother and sells it for gold ;
While the infant and mother, loud shriek for each other,
In sorrow and woe.

At last came the parting of mother and child,
Her brain reel'd with madness, that mother was wild ;
Then the lash could not smother the shrieks of that mother,
Of sorrow and woe.

The child was borne off to a far distant clime,
While the mother was left in anguish to pine,
But reason departed, and she sunk broken hearted,
In sorrow and woe.

That poor mourning mother, of reason bereft,
Soon ended her sorrows, and sunk cold in death ;
Thus died that slave mother, poor heart-broken mother,
In sorrow and woe.

Oh ! list, ye kind mothers, to the cries of the slave !
The parents and children implore you to save ;
Go ! rescue the mothers, the sisters and brothers,
From sorrow and woe.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day stars ! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lovely altar sprinkle
As a libation !

Ye matin worshippers ! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high !

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer !

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal man,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned !

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ—thunder,
Its dome—the sky !

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the lone aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God,—

Your voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living preachers ;
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook !

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
"Weep without sin and blush without a crime,"
Oh! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!

"Thou wast not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;"
How vain your grandeur! oh, how transitory
Are human flowers!

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er fields and wave by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight!

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, oh God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all teachers and from all divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

GREAT AND GROTESQUE CELEBRATION.

The "Odd Fellows'" celebration on the 19th June last was, in many respects, a great affair. It was great in its display of numbers, great as an instance of sudden and almost unprecedented growth,—great in the fine appearance of its "Fellows," and last, and least, great in the unsurpassed foolishness of its decorations, and the infinite absurdity of its official display. I never witnessed an exhibition which excited in my mind more mingled feelings. At one moment I was awed into the most thoughtful mood by the imposing influence of great numerical display,—and the next moment excited to the highest pitch of mirthfulness at some part of their ridiculous trappings. There was scarcely a man in the procession who was not worthy a prominent place in the picture-gallery of "Hood's Comic Annual." To describe the motley array would task the pen of a Rogers or the pencil of a Hogarth. Most remarkable of all was the fact that the "Fellows" were so thoroughly drilled by their funny-titled officers that they made all this childish display with countenances as sober as so many clowns. This was, of course, a great trial to their muscles,—and it must have been a great relief to get within their secret conclaves, where they could unbend their iron cheeks and do the laughing on their *countenances*, which all the day long they had been doing in their *sleeves*.

Where so many people came from—and how many towns must have been emasculated to enable them to be present—is a problem which would puzzle a Bowditch, and confound a Malthus. A large portion of them, judging from their conspicuous display of the "lone star"—came from Texas. It may be, however, that this distinguished emblem, instead of being indicative of their *origin*, is prophetic of their *destiny*! It would be idle, though, for me to attempt to interpret any of the "strange devices" of this ingenious order,—and I will therefore leave the Sphinx to solve her own riddle. Who, for instance, could solve the deep

meaning of those auctioneer's hammers, or shoe-binder's mallets, which so many of them sported? Doubtless they have some sort of a knock-down significance, but it would take a Paul Pry or a woman to discover it.—Again,—those red and white poles,—looking for all the world like the sticks of patent candy exhibited in Lee's famous Saloon, on Washington-street,—how I wondered what sweet meaning could be intended by them! The carving knives, too, which some of them wore,—what could they mean? I looked sharp at them, and they looked sharp at me,—and brighter blades surely never exchanged glances—but I am as much in the dark as to their typical beauty as ever. One chap, from Baltimore I think, had a belly of the true Falstaffian swell, and such was his love of fitness and propriety, that he had his knife, or scimitar, rounded to his exact abdominal curve,—making altogether the most unique figure in the procession.—Perhaps as ludicrous, and certainly as incongruous, a sight as was afforded to us “outside barbarians,”—was the priests, who were dotted about the procession like scare-crows in a corn-field. Most of them held a big book in their hands, edged with guilt but otherwise dressed in mourning, which may have been a bible, and may have been a dictionary, and may have been their black book of rites and ceremonies: but I guess it was a bible; for that really great and noble book is used as a sweetener for every pill, however nauseous, which it is thought best to coax down the throat of the “dear” (but obstinate) “public.” These gentlemen in black and white, (who doubtless think that if their “Master” was upon the earth he would delight to be tricked out with an Odd Fellow's regalia) walking in sober state and mock majesty in that many colored crowd,—trying to “fill” the people with “solemn awe,” looked as comical as Yankees Hill and Silsbee, in their most ridiculous representations.

The most prominent article of rigging which distinguishes the Odd Fellows is their variegated apron. This is made of all grades of material, from the coarsest canvass to the most costly velvet (according to the “degree” of foolishness which the mem-

bers of this peacock tribe have reached, or bought) and is ornamented with all sorts of figures, from the solitary star, made of bunting, to the very cross itself, made of real gold. Between these two extremes, are all sorts of "crinkum crankums" which were ever conceived in the labarynthian mind of man *or woman*. I venture the assertion, that the dolls in the royal nursery of Queen Victoria do not have more gaudy pinafores than this body of grown up men,—and are not more proud of them. And the wax figures in the Museum do not submit to their fanciful trimmings with more silent acquiescence than these Odd Fellows submit to theirs. A few years hence,—and one of these brethren, tricked out in full regalia, will be as great a curiosity, and as suitable for a museum, as a fashionable woman with her enormous bustle, or innumerable petticoats. And when garrulous grandmothers tell little children how that once on a time great big men used to march through the streets with mantles and pinafores on,—and take the dear little ones to the curiosity shop to show them a wax representation of an Odd Fellow in full uniform—the wondrous story will be as astonishing to their young minds as the most grotesque rhymes in Mother Goose's Melodies.

But I must draw my sketch to a summary close. How long before this band of really fine and kind-hearted young men will shed their unnatural feathers,—and give up their senseless mysticisms and stupid ceremonies, depends upon what degree of countenance they receive from the uninitiated public. They have virtually suborned the press and the pulpit, and are just now on the "full tide of successful experiment." How they can look their wives and sisters in the face, after strutting about all day in their peacock uniforms, or engaging all the evening in their senseless formalities,—must be set down as the greatest mystery connected with the concern.

I notice that Masonry—for some time considered obsolete—is hurrying out of its grave, wiping the mould from its gaudy dress,—and commencing a new existence under the favor and patronage of Odd Fellowship. This was to have been expected; for the

two institutions are twins,—bound together by a tie as strange and unnatural as that which unites the twins of Siam. They are both founded on principles as false in philosophy as they are pernicious in practice. And both have just enough of good about them, to deceive a thoughtless and superficial community. Odd Fellowship is “young yet” (in this country) and has thus far shown chiefly its bright side. But the time is not far distant, when it will bear fruit as bitter and poisonous as that of Masonry in the palmiest days of its corruption. Our miscalled “courts of justice,” our churches, our academies of learning, our social and business relations,—all will “eat of the tree,” and be fearfully corrupted by this organized secrecy. A more dangerous element cannot be introduced into our system. It is comparatively pure and harmless now,—but the day is not far distant, when it will vie with the church itself in rottenness and guilt. Proscribing the weak and the sick,—despising the colored man, whatever his condition,—uniting with grog-sellers, slave-traders, and their abettors,—“loving darkness rather than light,”—it contains all the elements of the most subtle, and therefore most dangerous iniquity, and ought to be watched with most jealous care by every friend of man, whether within its spiked walls, or without. I know this will seem wild and extravagant to most of the members, but I also believe that (as much to their sorrow as to mine) what I have said will be found tame and insufficient in comparison with the ultimate facts.

EACH IN ALL.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee, from the hill-top looking down ;
And the heifer, that lows in the upland farm,
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton, tolling the bell at noon,
Dreams not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
As his files sweep round yon distant height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent :
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I sought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
I brought him home in his nest at even ;—
He sings the song, but it pleases not now ;
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;
He sang to my ear ; *they* sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me :
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
And fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar !

Then I said, "I covet Truth ;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat,—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs ;
I inhaled the violet's breath ;

Around me stood the oaks and firs ;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground ;
Above me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and Deity ;
Again I saw, again I heard
The rolling river, the morning bird ;—
Beauty through my senses stole,
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

A friend informs us, says the *Madisonian*, that the recent fire in the Swamp has driven from their hiding places a large number of runaway slaves, who have, in many cases, been secreted for years. An old black woman, being burnt out of her capacious home, sought out and claimed her master ; and, in addition to this return of property, she brought with her, eleven children, all her own, serving as an indemnity or remuneration for her long absence. Any quantity of bears, foxes, and other animals, already roasted, is to be found ; and all that a hungry man has to do is to hie to the smoking meats, and satiate his appetite.—*Boston Daily Mail*.

Where, in the whole history of the human race, is there an incident more full of horror than that revealed in the above cool-blooded paragraph ? The sensitive mind starts back with terror at the bare contemplation of it. Just fix your attention on the frightful scene for a moment,—and consider the circumstances. How they illustrate the beauty of slavery, and the peaceful contentedness of the slaves ! But stop. The scene is too dreadful for irony, too solemn for sarcasm.

What are the simple facts ? A large number of our fellow men and women, having been born into Southern slavery, and suffered more of its terrible deprivations and cruelties than even their subdued natures could longer submit to,—resolve to run away from their inhuman masters, feeling quite certain that they cannot make their condition any worse. To be sure they are penniless and almost clotheless ; to be sure they know not a human being on the face of the broad earth who dare befriend them ; to be sure they dare not travel in the light of the sun, and are fearful of the

treacherous moon ;—but still the horrors of their present life have accumulated so fearfully, that they are willing to run any conceivable risk, just for the sake of a *change*. And so upon some moon-less and star-less night, with no friend but the thick cloud which veils the light of heaven from their path,—quietly, fearfully, stealthily, afraid of the very sound of their steps, they steal away from their wretched cabins, and plunge into the nearest wood, *fearing tigers and hyenas less than their “brother man and sister woman.”* They wander about, hiding themselves by day in caves and thickets, and in the tops of high trees,—and creeping along by night, alarmed at the rustling of every leaf, and the chirping of every bird, and the prattling of every stream,—until, at last, faint and weary, with heavy feet and heavier hearts, they are compelled by that necessity which knows no law, to halt where they are, and take up their cheerless abode in the dreary solitudes of the Dismal Swamp. Here, with mud, and sticks, and the bark of trees, they build themselves rude huts,—and commence a life which, squalid and wretched as it is,—is a relief for the insupportable torments of slavery. The roar of the wild beasts is not so terrible to them as the voice of savage masters. The occasional loss of a child by the mouth of a hungry bear, is not so frightful as the beating of that child to death by a brutal driver. Their constant exposure to the fierce elements is not so much dreaded as their hourly liability to the lash, and the branding iron. And so they live in *comparative* peace and happiness, their principal cause for joy being their escape from the clutches of American Christians. They live in savage life indeed, and what the world calls barbarous and heathen—but as low and loathsome as it is, *it is an advance on the life of one sixth of the American people.* (What an appalling fact !)

And now for a still darker shade of the picture, and let the fiends of hell rejoice as I rehearse it. The poor runaways and outcasts, are not allowed to dwell even in that dimmallest of “dismal” swamps. The most fierce and fearful element of nature is enlisted against them. The swamp is set on fire, and those

whom the blood-horse could not catch, nor the blood-hound scent, are overtaken by the swift-running flames, and driven into the broad and unsheltered plains,—a mark for every gun, a target for every arrow. And it seems one old black woman, being burnt out of her capacious home, sought out and (desperate alternative) claimed her master ; and the *Madisonian* chuckles over the heart-rending fact, and facetiously adds that “in addition to this return of property, she brought with her eleven children, all her own, serving as an indemnity or remuneration for her long absence ! ” And the newspapers all over the country copy the *Madisonian's* heartless account of these distressful scenes, without a word of sympathy ! Talk about the burning of Pittsburgh, it sinks into utter insignificance when compared with the burning of Dismal Swamp. 'Twere better all Pennsylvania should have been burned to charcoal than that the poor fugitives in Dismal Swamp should have been burned out of their retreat. But who gets up ward, and county, and district committees, to raise funds to feed, clothe, and rescue from slavery, the poor sufferers by *that* fire ? What churches get up contributions for them ? What papers advocate their pressing claims upon public sympathy, compared with which the claim of the greatest sufferer in Pittsburg is not worth listening to ? Alas ! alas ! the poor slave may be robbed, branded, hunted, sold, burned, hanged, shot, or anything which human malice can devise,—and this Christian nation is no more disturbed at it than at the buzzing of an insect. The other day, at an Anti-Slavery meeting in Manchester, Frederick Douglass related some of the most touching and terrible incidents of the slave life and death,—and the audience, for the most part, listened to the tale with the most consummate indifference. Young ladies who could weep their eyes red over the sufferings of some imaginary hero or heroine in the last new novel, are as little concerned about the agonies of the poor slave as about the sufferings of a musquito. And young men who are loud in their sympathy for ill-paid mechanics, and shed tears over the sufferings of over-worked shoe-binders, hear of men and women being banished to

Dismal Swamp and then burned out of that, as if it were a part of the order of nature.

To return. The *Madisonian* continues to say that "any quantity of bears, foxes, and other animals, already roasted, is to be found in the Swamp."

No doubt of it. And men, women, and children too, who are not always so fleet as bears and foxes! Well, it were better that the whole swamp-ful of fugitives should be burned to death than returned to their iron-hearted masters.

Oh God! Oh God! What a land this is! Brothers and sisters driving each other before the lash into Dismal Swamps, and then burning them out as they burn rats out of a ship! Buying children by the pound and women by the dozen, and thanking God that they don't live in those Heathen countries where they worship stocks and stones! Robbing cradles and plundering nurseries six days of the week, and spending one in praise to God that he has given us our birth in a land of civil and religious liberty! Bragging of the number of our churches, and the multitude of our Christian privileges, and denying to one in every six of our people the privilege to read the Bible! Verily that nation never existed on the face of the earth which ever flung "hatred and full defiance" into the face of the Almighty, and trampled all his laws under feet, with such a hearty relish as these United States of America have done from the beginning even till now.

BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

It was a summer evening,
Old Caspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grand-child, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing, there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Caspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head
And with a natural sigh :
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory ;

I find them in my garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in this great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

" It was the English," Caspar cried,
" That put the French to rout :
And what they killed each other for
I could not well make out :

But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by—
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to lay his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide :
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant died :
But things like that you know must be,
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won :
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun :
But things like that you know must be,
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win."
"What good came of it at the last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

SELF-RELIANCE.

ANTI-SLAVERY has no lesson which it teaches so plainly as the great lesson of *self-reliance*. I do not, of course, mean by self-reliance, that intense egotism which discovers no wisdom beyond the narrow walls of its own mind, and which is therefore as superficial as it is supercilious, and as intolerable as it is intolerant;—but, rather, and simply, that unfaltering reliance on one's highest convictions and purest instincts, which is supremely indifferent to the evershifting current of popular feeling, while at the same time it sees beneath the earthy incrustations of every soul some spark of the absolute truth.

“Unstable as water” must that mind be which takes for its pole-star either public opinion, or the opinion of any sect, clique, or individual. It may seem, at first glance, like a becoming humility, to distrust the uncertain light which flickers in one's own soul, and be guided by what seems the fixed ray of some brighter luminary;—but, depend upon it, such a course pursued continually and implicitly, though it may commence in a healthful diffidence of one's own powers, will soon degenerate into the most debasing servility. By all means call to your mind, in every important matter, all the council and advice which you can command; but, as you value your uprightness of soul, and desire to walk in the path of *infinite progress*, do not receive one jot or tittle of it as *authority*. However hallowed by time, or endeared by association, or deified by superstition, listen no one as an authority, and be subject to no rule but the clear utterance of your own reason, and the still small voice of your own soul.

It is the utter want of this self-reliance which keeps many beautiful spirits aloof from the Anti-Slavery movement. They cannot but perceive, and to some extent appreciate, its claims upon their attention; but their moral systems have become so completely unnerved and confused by long, sad years of devotion to sect and authority, that they have no confidence in their own

judgment, and are frightened by their own footfall and shadow. Seeing that the *Genius of Reform* is superior to those Creeds and Teachers which they have been accustomed to receive and reverence as the exponents and expositors of God's Truth, they feel that every touch of her mighty wand is moral desolation and death. And, in their present servile and abject state, well they may; for the very sight of her makes the walls of their sanctuary tremble, and shrinks their high-priests, who but now bore the seeming of brave and portly men, into pitiful cowards or hideous dwarfs.

Nothing in the history of the world is more striking, or more instructive of good, than the withering effect which this same Genius of Reform has upon the popular religion, and its servile adherents. Her approach is more terrible to them than an "army with banners." To their disordered eyes her white robes are spotted with blood, and her peaceful wand is a flaming sword. They flee from her as from a pestilence, and at the mention of her name the traitorous blood deserts their cheeks, and with livid face, and lurid eye, the poor things appeal piteously to the rude populace to save their priesthood from death, *and the ark of their God from desolation!*

So strong is the hold which the popular religion—cowardly and ignoble as we have seen it to be—has upon the thoughtless multitude, they dare not take a new step without the consent of its authorities, who have the good sense to perceive that any new step—unless it be a step backward—will prove fatal to its existence. And so the people hold back, despite their inmost convictions, from every onward movement, and throw all the obstacles in its way which, with their remaining courage, they dare to.

Now it seems to me that it only needs for the great mass of the community *to do their own thinking*, in order to remedy this state of things, and secure an immense accession to the reform ranks.

And it is equally necessary to continue in this excellent habit (of doing one's own thinking instead of having it, like so much

sewing, "done out") after you have entered those ranks. To this end—if the reader will pardon a little dogmatic advice—sign no creeds; bind yourself to no constitutions; choose to yourself no Kings or Presidents; submit your judgment to no committees; engage in no political tactics; and submit to no parliamentary, congressional, or (for they are all of a piece) constabular discipline. *Touch* any of these things and you will be defiled. *Engage* in any of them, and you will find (if you are a fugitive from church or state) that you have only changed one priesthood for another,—and that while you have been congratulating yourself on a happy escape from the meshes of sect and clique, you are more hopelessly entangled in their cunning web than ever. The only hope of your soul—here or "hereafter"—is the preservation of your individuality,—in other words, the maintenance of your own soul as a separate, distinct, entire existence, subject to no authority, and amenable to no discipline,—save the authority and discipline of the divine law as written out and declared by the "oracle within."

SLANDER.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

A whisper woke the air—
 A soft light tone and low,
 Yet barbed with shame and woe;
 Now might it only perish there!
 Nor farther go.

Ah me! a quick and eager ear
 Caught up the little meaning sound!
 Another voice has breathed it clear,
 And so it wanders round,
 From ear to lip—from lip to ear—
 Until it reached a gentle heart,
 And *that—it broke.*

It was the *only* heart it found,
 The only heart 'twas meant to find,

When first its accents woke ;—
It reached that tender heart at last,
And that—it broke.

Low as it seemed to *other* ears,
It came—a thunder-crash to *hers*,—
That fragile girl so fair and gay,—
That guileless girl so pure and true !

'Tis said a lovely humming bird
That in a fragrant lily lay,
And dreamed the summer morn away,
Was killed by but a gun's *report*,
Some idle boy had fired in sport !
The very *sound*—a death-blow came !

And thus her happy heart, that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
(Shrined in *its Lily* too ;
For who the maid that knew,
But owned the delicate flower-like grace
Of her young form and face ?)
When first that word
Her light heart heard,
It fluttered like the frightened bird,
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder—*died* !

BRIDAL WISHES.

BY "BARRY CORNWALL."

Sweet be her dreams, the fair, the young !
Grace, beauty breathe upon her !
Music, haunt thou about her tongue !
Life, fill her path with honor !

All golden thoughts, all wealth of days,
Truth, Friendship, Love, surround her !
So may she smile till life be closed,
An angel hands have crowned her !

THE GREAT WASHINGTONIAN JUBILEE ON BOSTON COMMON, MAY 30, 1844.

The great Temperance Jubilee was the most thrilling spectacle I have ever seen. It was overwhelming. It was plain to see that it took old Boston by storm. As the armies of truth poured into the city from every avenue, and arrayed themselves in a countless multitude on the glad common, the people of the city stared with perfect amazement. They were in no wise prepared for so gorgeous a scene—and its philosophy was quite beyond their depth. So silently has the great Washingtonian cause been doing its work,—so quietly have the free souls of New England joined its gathering stream,—so gently have the mighty waters stole round the hills and through the valleys of New England,—that when the people witnessed the stupendous result they were lifted off their feet in astonishment. Here was the greatest moral spectacle which they ever beheld,—yet they had not dreamed of its existence. Here was the most glorious army ever gathered together in New England, rich with the trophies and green with the laurels of victory—an army an hundred thousand strong—and army fresh from conquests, yet free from blood—an army acknowledging no leader but God, and no pass-word but Truth—an army before which princes bow and principalities are shaken,—here was this joyful army, encamped on old Boston Common, right before their very eyes—and the Boston Politicians, the Boston World-lings, and the Boston Church,—look aghast at the sublime sight, and know not its meaning. They feel elated by the general enthusiasm—and yet they feel small and cheap that they have contributed no whit to its existence. They feel ashamed that so mighty a battle has been fought, and they have been worse than Tories. All at once all their great plans look puny and ridiculous. Their life seems to them an idle dream, an empty show. “What,” say they, “have the hills of New England been shaken to their rocky base by a moral earthquake, and

we just opened our eyes? Have we been skulking behind our counters, and our benches, and our pulpits,—while a battle has been fought in our midst compared to which the battle of Bunker Hill was a feint and a sham?" Such people, and there were many, are to be pitied. They wanted to cast themselves into the sea of human hearts whose proud waves were beating at their feet—but they dared not do it. They tried to look brave, and haughty, but in vain. Like Xerxes, they would fain have chained up the billows and fettered the deep waters, and the thought of their impotence almost angered them.

On the other hand I almost envied the reformed men in this great army. As I saw Samuel A. Walker, mounted on his gallant charger, rallying the mighty hosts, and reflecting in his broad face the concentrated happiness of a whole Common-wealth of people,—as his eye lit up with pride, and he sounded out from time to time the "busy note of preparation,"—I could scarcely believe that a few short years ago that same Samuel A. Walker was buried in the dreadful unconsciousness of the sot—and I asked myself where is the man so base that he will not sing pœans to a cause of which such is the fruit? There again were my noble friends Whitaker, Gough, Price, Stacy, Potter, Barlow, O'Brien, Burke, Collyer, Hazlewood, Chenery, Dorr, (of *Dorr*-chester,) Marsh, Cheever, Parkman, Kellogg, Frazer, Skelton,—and a whole host of others who looked as happy as angels. Like the stars, as they have just emerged from the dark cloud, these friends looked brighter than ever before, and felt, after all, that it was good for them that their brightness had been, for a time, eclipsed. But whether good or bad,—this much is plain, that last Thursday they shone like messengers of light. What a glorious occasion it was! How gracefully the blue sky bent her protecting arches over the encamped multitude, and with what a holy radiance the cheerful sun painted every countenance! Never did Nature breathe more purely or array herself in a more lovely garb. The prayers of the most hope-lit spirit were more than answered. I felt that it would be so; for as I have asked before, when has

Heaven failed to smile on our glorious cause? Man has reviled it,—the professed servants of God have shut it from their temples as unworthy so holy a place,—but when God has been asked to prepare his Temple for the noble cause, the blue dome of Heaven has been freed from every cloud, the green earth been prepared, balmy airs have filled the chambers of the firmament, the walls thereof have been gilded with a new light, and all nature has joined in one chorus of welcome. In this “temple not made with hands”—which the ministers would have closed against us with thunder-bolts had they possessed the power—the Washingtonians felt free. They had to take up no collection to pay the Almighty for the use of such a magnificent temple—they were afraid of soiling nobody’s holy carpets—defacing nobody’s psalm-books—and disturbing the ears of no “gentleman in black”—and they felt free, free as the birds of the air. That was the crowning glory, “the bright particular star” of the day—*freedom*.

I am not at all moved to describe the minutiae of this great gala-day. Perhaps if I could pass it all in review before you,—and present the glittering panorama with something of its own brilliance, I should do it. But as for attempting to do this, or to approach this, it will never do. If you were not there you never will know what you have lost, and if you were there you need not to have anything recalled: for on such occasions the eye is a daguerreotype which, with unerring fidelity, transfers everything worthy of the place, to the tablets of the soul.

In one word, it was a great day—the greatest in the annals of America—great not so much because of its results, as of its presages and its prophecies—great as the dawn of that day when the red banner of war which is even now half-mast shall be struck to the earth, and the white banner of love which already is lifted from the dust, shall wave over every citadel and woo every air,—a day when the cloud of sensuality shall be lifted from the soul and it shall be clothed in the purity of nature,—a day when man shall no longer creep like a serpent fearful of every foot, but stand erect in the strength of a restored body and the purity of a redeemed soul.

LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary,
Thy bright and trusting smile,
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came, or guile ;
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eye looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone,
Was nestled close to mine !

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright ;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight :—
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee !

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came—
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved !

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad ;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the wine-cup drove me mad :
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup made me wild ;

And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee wife,—
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door :—
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I shall never see them more !

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard, now,
And no stone is at thy head !
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed ;—
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight,
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate !

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest :
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel-eyes,
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung ;—
But a pale and sorrowing face look'd out,
From the glittering cup to me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
That I fancied breathed by thee ?

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow,
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead !

FREE SPEECH.

Who of us is in harmony with the spirit of this beautiful Spring? Who of us yields up such grateful incense to heaven, as the humblest floweret which we tread under our feet? Who of us in "life or conversation," breathes so much of the spirit of love as yonder little quail, whose breast swells with joy as he whistles his gladsome matin? Speaking of the birds, I could not help thinking, a few minutes ago, as I stood beneath a noble tree whose branches were peopled with these beautiful songsters, that they were illustrating, to a charm, the beauties of free speech. Now and then, one of the most musical of them would send forth a clear note, which would go flying abroad on its silver wings to all the surrounding woods, until every leaf seemed to tremble with joy at the thrilling strain,—and then it would be caught up by one after another of the vernal choir, until the whole heavens were made vocal with the great chorus, and the very winds held their breath to catch its divine inspiration. And this was freedom's own voice,—unregulated by arbitrary laws, unmoderated by ambitious leaders. It was the result of no majority vote,—the production of no business committee,—the tune of no "organ,"—but Nature's assertion of the great right of song, which is the highest order of speech. Who of us that has revelled in the freedom of an unregulated meeting—where men and women aspire to the freedom of birds,—but has sometimes heard something not unlike the great chorus of which I just now spoke? Some noble spirit, like friend Rogers for instance, with a heart full of

the richest melody, has sent forth a few of its inspiring strains, and while they were yet quivering upon his lips, they have been caught up by one kindred soul and another, until, heedless of all restraints, their glad voices have intermingled one with another, making what has seemed discord to the superficial ear, but what to any one who can appreciate the deep voices of nature, was a manifestation of the highest harmony. This will seem arrant nonsense to the coarse-minded, who will see in it nothing but lawlessness and "license." But who that has ever listened to the merry voices of unregulated childhood,—and had soul enough to enjoy their simple and earnest utterance—doesn't know, that if one should unravel their tangled speech, and after arranging it thread by thread, line by line, in stupid uniformity,—present that as the model for their future intercourse, he would deserve to be called a downright fool? And yet there are those whose philosophy would lead to this result,—and they really think it is "law and order." Indeed, an order very much like this is that which obtains the highest premium among our "common schools."

Now it never occurs to children when in the impetuous flow of their spirits they chance to break in upon each other's speech, they have thus become little "mobocrats." Poor ignorant souls, they have yet to learn that from some future Foster-father. Again—for under the free influence of this fine morning, the subject has taken almost "monomaniac" hold on me—a "band of brothers" and sisters meet together to see what can be done to help a poor neighbor. Their hearts burn with love, and every spirit is moved to encircle their unfortunate or fallen brother in the arms of sympathy and love. And the thought is uttered. It is a great thought, and suggests a thousand others, which come rushing up into the mind and seeking vent like the waters of the mountain spring. And as they flow forth from the sparkling minds and mingle together; or (to lay the metaphor aside, lest it be called "inflated,") as the kind voices break forth, laden with friendly sympathies and suggestions,—it will very likely happen, that no one will time his utterance by the clock, and that frequently one

person will interrupt the other,—and possibly extinguish his thoughts,—just as the intruding sun or moon sometimes extinguishes the stars! This happens in every friendly consultation which ever takes place, and nobody ever dreamed that it was “mobocratic,”—though in the “higher circles” of life it is not considered “*a la mode*,” and a modern Columbus has “discovered” that it is quite anarchical! Now to my way of thinking, the order of a few friends, meeting together in friendly union and holding that unrestrained and unembarrassed intercourse which is the peculiarity, as it is the glory, if not the essential life, of friendship,—is much more in keeping with the great laws of nature, than the order of a body of people who have subjected themselves to the bridle, the curb-bit, and the lash, of a chairman or “business committee,”—and stand in obedient readiness to “hor” or “gee” at the word of command. The noble animal which careers across the prairies with the speed of the wind, and whose “neck is clothed with thunder,” does not differ more from a broken down stage-horse, whose skin is worn “thread-bare” by whips and harness,—than a genuine free meeting differs from one which is subjected to the control of chairmen and committees. To take a better comparison, the song of the canary bird as he sings among the green retreats of his native island, does not exceed in beauty the song of the same bird imprisoned in a narrow cage and confined in one of our heartless cities (a cage within a cage) than the speech of free meeting exceeds in beauty and power that of the organized convention. If you doubt it, compare those great mass meetings which Jesus Christ used to hold upon the sides of mountains, and the margins of lakes, *where every person had the same freedom to speak as himself*, (and where business committees, and chairmen, and disciplinary manuals were not thought of,) to the stiff, stilted, officered, regulated meetings of the Jewish Sanhedrim. Jesus Christ—let it be said every where, not by way of authority, but as the example of the greatest of men—was a practical advocate of unrestricted speech. He commenced it when a boy, among the Jewish doctors, and he continued it when a man,

among the people. And this it was, which enabled him to speak "as one having authority, and not as the scribes,"—which made those who were sent to annoy him with their catechisms, go away and say, "never man spake like this man;" and I am inclined to think, that his advocacy, exercise, and encouragement of free speech, was one of his most heinous offences,—as it has certainly been among his disciples, down to the present hour, when comparatively moderate advocacy of it, is considered "*monomaniasm!*" and "*mobocracy!*" and mere "*gab!!!*"

LABOR.

BY FRANCES. S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
 Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus
 Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
 Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in growing;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" — the robin is singing;
 "Labor is worship!" — the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life giving shower;
 From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! — 'Tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labor is glory! — the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
 Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us ;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow !
Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Droop not tho' shame, sin, and anguish are round thee !
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee !
Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee !
Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod !
Work ! — for some good — be it ever so slowly !
Cherish some flower — be it ever so lowly !
Labor ! All labor is noble and holy ;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God !

THE GIBBET.

Who can read the history of the gibbet, with its thousands of bloody massacres, without blushing for his race, that it permits such refined atrocity ? Surely no one. Every heart rebels instinctively against such massacres, and declares that no law and no gospel can "sanction" or "sanctify" them. Why, then, do they so often take place ? Why do not the people rise up *en masse*, and destroy the accursed gallows-tree, root and branch ? To these questions there are many answers :—but the principal and most vital one is, the opposition of the priesthood and the church, who can't tell the gallows from the cross to save their eyes,—but are constantly confounding them together as one and the same thing. The gallows is the pet child and most significant emblem of the church, and she nurses the hideous thing with more than maternal tenderness. The Calvinist priest hugs the gallows to his bosom as a sacred relic and talisman,—and so do nearly all his unearthly and inhuman brotherhood. The halter is the principal rope in their ship—her "main stay,"—and the gibbet her main-mast. That noble hearted philanthropist, Charles

Spear, tells me that in his crusade against the gibbet, he meets no such unrelenting and bitter opponents, as the popular clergy—especially the Orthodox.

Under these favoring circumstances, many have petitioned the Legislature that as hanging is a *protegé* of the church—nay her favorite and petted child,—that the reverend clergy should be the official hangmen,—and that Sunday—instead of Friday—should be the hangman's day. Friday, a common, unpretending, secular, working day, has been consigned to an "immortality of infamy" from the fact that from time immemorial it has been gallows-day. This ought not so to have been. Hanging,—the church's favorite institution, ought from the first to have been performed on Sunday,—the church's favorite day. And if any particular Sunday is to be selected, it should be communion Sunday. And if one part of the church is more suitable for the bloody deed than any other, it is the *pulpit*, from which a man would hang with a more befitting grace than any where else; for surely the pulpit, which has been dead-icated to the service of the gallows, and consecrated in the name of Jack Ketch (a name to many synonymous with Jesus Christ) could not be more appropriately decorated, than with the pendant bodies of its strangled victims. To hang a man out in the pure air of heaven, and allow his blood to sprinkle the green and unconverted earth, is "out of all character." If the vile deed must be done, let it be within the walls of the *church*,—and let the blood of the streaming carcass fall upon the "communion table," and mingle with the *other* "elements" of her service. And let no common man undertake to handle the "divine" halter. It is a rope which nobody ought to *touch* but the priest. Hanging should be one of the "perquisites" of his office. If possible, the hangman should be a DOCTOR OF DIVINITY. No man can stand too high in the church to perform the act,—because it is pre-eminently a church-act—one of its highest duties, and most solemn ceremonials.

To many, this common sense criticism will seem coarse and repulsive, because they have been trained up to reverence the

priesthood, and, "with all its faults to love it still!" But a careful examination of the position I have taken, will abundantly prove its correctness. Surely, if—as the church (and the community) assume—the gibbet is a Christian institution, one of the fruits of the Gospel of Peace, then it ought to be baptized "in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," as one of the most solemn, most holy, most obligatory, and most *instructive* instruments at church disposal. And no time, and no place, and no man, ought to be too holy to administer its elevating rites. "Hangman," instead of being a name associated in our minds—as it now is—with all that is bloody, and brutal, and disgusting,—ought to be one of the most venerated titles in the community, and his office should rank as the "highest in the gift of the people!" And the act of hanging ought to be done openly and proudly, as a brave and manly act, instead of "in a corner," and sneakingly, and as a mean and cowardly act, as now. Little children ought to be called together to witness it;—they ought to "come unto" the halter, especially, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" but at present, despite of its pretended good influences, the children are deprived of its sweet lessons, and have to suffer for want of its noble and refreshing memories. And the reverend clergy who are so attached to the gallows,—are deprived of the excellent opportunities which its administration affords for learning the Christian exercise. This ought not so to be. There should be a PROFESSOR OF HANGING in every "Divinity School" in the world, (except the Unitarian and Universalist, which—to their honor be it written—repudiate the gallows) where strangling should be taught as a *science*. I wouldn't recommend that the young "divines" should practice on each other,—lest they should learn that hanging people isn't doing as they would be done by,—which would be a lesson fatal to the institution! It would be well for each school to import a French manikin or "*modele d'homme*," with an accommodating head and neck, (such as are sometimes seen on canes) for the young evangelists to practice on. And to render a study naturally so repulsive, in some

degree attractive, it would be well to reward the most skilful hangmen in the class, with costly medals,—and both before and after the solemn “rehearsals,” there ought to be a season of prayer and thanksgiving.

Now in all this I am serious. I really think, that if the gibbet is the main stay of the church,—as it evidently is—if the priesthood are right in thinking it a part and parcel of their religion—as they evidently are—then ought hanging to be taught in all their Divinity Schools as either one of the graceful exercises of their faith, or an important branch of theological gymnastics.

Don't let anybody run away with the idea, that, in speaking of the Gallows-tree as of *priestly* growth, I have the least idea that it has any root in *christianity*. Far from it. Nobody ever thought such a thing,—or dreamed it. The ideas of Christianity and the Gallows, are utterly irreconcilable,—perfect antipodes to each other. Jack Ketch is the perfect opposite of Jesus Christ!

Speaking on this subject, *N. P. Rogers* says, in his piquant style :—

“Why is it, that the clergy are such sticklers for the gibbet? What does it do for them, that they so adhere to it? How does it benefit them, to have people hanged? Are they afraid of being murdered? Or are they afraid, if the death punishment is abolished, that all penal law will go with it, and none be left for the suppression of unauthorized *speaking in meeting*? Will they perpetuate the gallows, to protect their meetings from the occasional free speech of a ‘Comeouter?’ Then are they supernaturally blood thirsty! Or do they fear that if the idea gets footing in the world, that punishment is wicked, they shall be unable to maintain their vindictive character of God? Will their vindictive hell go down, do they fear, if men get to believing that tormenting is in itself wrong, and that therefore God *cannot be a tormentor*? Are they afraid if men become tender-hearted—forgiving, loving toward wrong doers, that they will get to have a God of like character, and that the vengeful Jupiter of the Orthodox Divine, will no longer exist to excite servile fear and hatred in the human breast? What are they afraid of? What makes *them* love hanging so, beyond all other men? Their profession has been thought a merciful one, compared with the soldier's and lawyer's.—Why then, when the lawyer and military officer, the O'Sullivans and the Davezacs, are earnest for the abolition of the gallows, are the clergy everywhere so desperate for its continuance?

They quote scripture in its defence. They cite old Levitical passages, against the demands of humanity for its abolition. Men show that capital punishment is utterly ineffectual, as well as cruel and barbarous. Humanity cries out against it, to the heavens. The very hangmen are getting to loath their abhorred office. It is proved that it not only does not hinder crime, but that it promotes it. That it does not prevent murders, or make them infrequent, but multiplies them, and makes society murderous—makes homicide familiar to men's minds—and causes them to recur to it as a mode of retaliation. It destroys the sacredness of human life, and the reverence for it that ought to pervade the human breast, and would, if it were not hardened by those bloody influences. The clergy quote scripture against all this light and love. They demand death, on the authority of their gloomy old text. I will not argue with them on their text. If they make out their old Mosaic, or Noachic, or whatever text, in favor of hanging, I say at once, *hang the text*. A text, that really enjoins, or authorizes men, to *hang one another*, ought itself to be hung, by the common hangman, whose last official act should be the execution of a code thus written in human blood. It is self-evidently not God's law, to hang men, or to inflict the slightest intentional harm upon them. This, every body knows. Every priest knows it. No priest wishes to be hung himself, or in any way hurt or harmed, or even frightened. On what principle then, does he found his authority to hang or harm others? Is it *doing to them as he would be done by*? Nobody believes it, for a moment. Let him quote old texts then. I will not stop to argue his exposition. I put my foot on his text, in the name of God and Humanity. I would, even if I could not find a particle of authority in the New Testament for so doing. I would do it on my own motion. I *know* this hanging is wicked. No man dare look humanity in the face, and say the contrary. He may skulk behind his text. He may solemnly ask, did not Samuel hew Agag—and was n't Saul punished for not killing Hagug, or whoever—I care not if they were. My God abhors hanging and hurting. I ought to abhor it—I do abhor it, and denounce it—and whoever bases it on a text I treat the text as I do the doctrine. Am I not right? Every body knows I am, the globe over. There is not an Esquimaux, up where the nights are five months long, that does not know it intuitively, and would not at once acknowledge it, put the question to him, and let him speak independently of his priest. If they want to maintain the credit of their texts with me, they must not saddle them with gibbets and halters, or smear them with human blood. I will not meddle with their authority if they do not bring it in my way. But if they do, on a case so plain and palpable as this, I will dispose of it in the shortest possible manner. "Will you heave away Genesis!" they cry. Yes; if Genesis authorizes you to butcher my brother, or hang him like a dog. And

Exodus too, and Leviticus, and even Numbers—and as much *hanging* scripture as you will bring on. I won't expound with you a moment on such a question as this. If you saddle scripture with the gallows, I will cry out against your scripture, and it is your own look out if it goes down. A scripture that allows these human sacrifices must have a bloody priesthood. Instead of its sustaining the gallows, the gallows should sink the scripture as well as the priest who quotes it, if he quotes truly. Every body's convictions will bear witness to this, if they dare trust their convictions. It is the voice of God universally. It is high time human life was held paramount to texts and ecclesiastics.

I say nothing here of the overwhelming authority of the New Testament against the gibbet. I will not indulge the clergy by quoting it against them. It is a question I venture to settle, before I can get at a testament to open it. If a priest feels for my neck, with a halter in his hand, I will venture to remonstrate, if I am not within a mile of a text—or the recollection of one."

THE GALLOWSGOERS.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Up and make ready, ye lovers of fun !

On with your holiday dress and be gay !

Now that the Sheriff has work to be done,

Business with pleasure he mingles to-day.

Some may go hunting with guns ! and a few,

Rods in their hands, little fish may pursue ;

Ours is the sport which is sanctioned by law,—

We go a hanging—a hanging ! Hurrah !

Two months ago, on a rare, drunken bout,

Billy, his comrade, the criminal slew ;

Murder's a deed that is vile, without doubt—

Ergo—the law will turn murderer too !

As to the place where the liquor he got—

Liquor which maddened him—yonder's the spot.

Sammy, who keeps it, approves of the law—

He goes for hanging—for hanging ! Hurrah !

Bright shines the sun, on the place where you see

Yonder tall gallows, substantial and bare ;

Wait a few hours, and a fellow will be

Dancing fandangoes of fun in the air.

Gathered in groups at the gallows, behold
Parents and children, maids, wives, young and old,
Waiting the time when the halter shall draw—
They go for hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

Pick-pockets, plenty are—mark how they go
Slyly and coolly to work at their trade!
Business is business, and people must know
Too much attention to that can't be paid.
Swearing, and fighting, and kicking, the crowd
Utter their blasphemous curses aloud—
Righteous example is set by the law;
Good comes from hanging—from hanging! Hurrah!

Look at the criminal! please ye to look,
Standing beside him, the hangman you see:
There is the priest with his gown and his book—
Galloping gaily, they go to the tree.
Thanks to the priests, who the hangman befriend,
Choking such knaves as 'twere labor to mend.
Hanging, they say, is *LEVITICAL* law—
Cheers for the clergy, they're *CHRISTIANS*! Hurrah!

Firmly and proudly, the culprit looks round,
Holding his head with a satisfied air;
Murmurs applauding go over the ground—
Down pops the priest with the felon to prayer.
“How interesting his looks are!” says ANN.
“Yes!” answers SAL, “and he'll die like a man!”
Elegant talk for young maidens, but—pshaw!
Shout for the hanging—the hanging! Hurrah!

Prayers are all finished, and now for the fun;
Over his features the cap has been drawn;
KETCH, and his comrade, the preacher, get down;
Crack! goes the whip, and the carriage moves on.
Wonderful sight for the Christian to see;
Merrily dancing on nothing is he.
Though there's no fiddler a hornpipe to saw,
Light are his leaps—he's a hanging! Hurrah!

After the rope had been severed in twain,
Home go the people, and joyfully sing;

Heaven will receive whom the gallows has slain—
Does not the clergyman settle the thing?
Home go the people, and talk of it all,
Children in nursery, servants in hall;
BUB hangs the cat, in the manner he saw
Hung at the gallows, God's image! Hurrah!

Rouse ye, good clergymen, servants of God!
Stand by my side while I fight for your fun;
Hanging preserves us from shedding of blood;
Remedy like it, there never was one.
Rally your forces, thump pulpits, and be
Clerical guards of the good gallows-tree!
What if our SAVIOUR denounces the law?
You go for hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

SOCIETY.

"Society at the present time is obviously an orchestra without a leader, where each man's ambition is to make his own part most prominent without any reference to the whole."—*Mrs. Child.*

The difficulty with Society is not that it lacks leaders, but that it abounds in them, and that they are ignorant of the first principles of social harmony. The fact is, to quote the motto of the *Globe*, "the world is governed too much," or rather is governed subversively of the laws of nature. The law of love is superseded by the law of force—and self-government is a thing not laid down in the books, unless with a penalty attached! It is the grand lesson of civilization, sucked in with our mother's milk, and made the leaven of our daily bread ever after, that self must be immolated on the altar of sect. Thus all the instincts which God has implanted in our bosoms as so many beautiful flowers, are early trampled under foot, or choked out of life, by the weeds and stones of our artificial treatment. This puts an end to all simplicity of character, with here and there a bright exception, which only increases the social discord of the community, just as the finest strain of music breaking in upon a discordant band makes "confusion worse confounded." Society is indeed in per-

fect dis-harmony, not, as Mrs. Child has it, because "each man's ambition is to make his own part most prominent without any reference to the whole," but because each man's ambition is to make his own part prominent with a view to the subordination of the whole. And so men get together in what they proudly call their legislative chambers, and vote away all individuality of character, all right of private judgment, all sanctity of conscience, all "freedom to worship God,"—and subject to the direst penalties every one who dare put so much as a pebble against the tide of their despotism. Hence the discord of Society. It is governed out of all government, ruled out of all rule, ordered out of all order, legislated out of all law. The sacredness of private belief is thrown upon the altar fires of civilization as so much stubble. The aspirations of the human soul for an untrammelled life are treated as the idle wind. Obedience to the most humane instincts of the soul is a crime visited with greater severity than felony or rape—and the protest of Humanity (roused, for an instant, from its Lethean torpor) against such outrage upon the spirit of God, is silenced by an appeal to the Statute Book, or drowned by the rattling of constitutional parchment. An appeal to the council chambers of God and to its immutable decrees, as superior to the council chambers of Man and their fickle enactments, is treated as the singing of grasshoppers or the buzzing of insects! The great God of the world is Human Government whose laws are written in blood; engrossed on the parched skins of its "subjects;" proclaimed from the powdered throat of Paixhan "Peace-makers"; enforced by organized cut-throats and pirates; and sanctified by the Judas-prayers, and baptized by the Dead-sea waters of the church.

The remedy for this dreadful state of things is not to seek for a new "leader," but to search out the principles of social harmony as they exist in the mind of the great Creator, who is Love—i. e. Harmony made perfect,—and in our lives and conversations vindicate their divine beauty, and assert their eternal supremacy.

And this is no child's play—except indeed as it unites the sim-

plicity and truthfulness of childhood with the wisdom and energy of the mature man.

To say that God intended this vile discord, "making a nuisance of his blessed air," and leading us almost to pray that its jarring sounds may be swallowed up by the crack of doom,—is as profane as it is preposterous,—although it is part and parcel of the hateful and vindictive theology of the age.

No. It is plain that the destiny of man is a state of peace and plenty, of happiness and virtue—a destiny to be wrought out not by miraculous interposition, but by the illimitable energy of his own nature.

CHILDHOOD.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone-by : to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child ;
To sit in infancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll ; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled,)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn,
Bound with so playful and so light a foot
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

MISFORTUNE A CAUSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

I think misfortune one great cause of intemperance. It is a common remark that "intemperance is the parent of poverty." But it is not often enough remarked that "poverty is the parent of intemperance." It is true that the drunken man is on the road to poverty. In his drunken moments he is useless,—in his sober times, imbecile. He soon becomes helpless:—

"Our torments may, in length of time,
Become our elements,—our temper
Changed into their temper."

But how often is it that grim want drives a man to despair,—and despair to intemperance. Solomon says:—"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart." The troubled man, remembering these words, perhaps, and forgetting that Solomon in his better moments said:—"Wine is a mocker: strong drink is a raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise," and that at last "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,"—deserts his home for the dram-shop,—his children for tipplers,—his wife for the barmaid,—and is soon "swallowed up of wine." In his sober moments, when his reason struggles to be heard, and his heart beats with remorse, his little child, unconscious of her father's extremity of woe, looks up with streaming eyes, and asks for bread. The poor man's brain is maddened. HE HAS NO BREAD. He rushes, frantic, from the house, and is soon lost again in the dreadful unconsciousness of the sot. The bar has been his misfortune, and now his misfortune is his bar. Some cold night he steals homeward, temperate perhaps from necessity, and he asks himself:—"What, what shall I do to be saved from poverty, intemperance, and death?" He meets an old, and more prosperous friend,—a neighbor perhaps. He is treated with ill-concealed contempt. A rebuke more biting than the frost, cuts his soul to the quick.

He feels that he is out of the pale of human sympathy,—that the holy “circumnavigation of charity” encompasseth not him. He perhaps is seized upon in some reeling moment, and taken to a house of correction; he is arrayed in the uniform of disgrace;—the brand of infamy is put upon his brow, till “it goes hissing to the bone.” Now he feels lost. He serves out his time in the house of disgrace, and returns to the community. But his self-respect is gone. He feels that he is separated from the world by a gulph which no power can compass. In this hour of his peril, he remembers treacherous friends,—the butterflies which delighted to hover about him in the sunny days of his prosperity, but in this day of gloom and thick darkness, are off basking in the sunshine of some more smiling face. His social connexions are broken up. What motive to him to become sober? How can he stand the cold glance of compassion? How can he brook the supercilious gaze? Goaded by such thoughts, he knows not what to do? He lives along, or rather dies along, from day to day, until his name is recorded on earth as a victim of intemperance—and in heaven as a victim of misfortune!

Take another case. Some child of suffering, just fallen from the high estate of wealth, having learned of the world that *money* is the one thing needful, hopes to retrieve his name by a desperate move. If successful he knows, by observation, that he will be applauded with the world’s huzzas, and take rank as a smart financier; if unsuccessful, he will be branded as a knave. He is unsuccessful. He is thrown from the highest seats in the synagogue to the lowest. He is discouraged. He is pelted nigh unto death; when, had the guiltless only persecuted him, no stone had been thrown. He is led into evil ways. He departs from the strict line of right. A captious world pounces upon him. His reputation is gone. His character is played with like a toy. He feels that his game is up,—his sun has set. He feels himself on the *verge* of the world, and wishes himself out of it. He becomes morose and misanthropic. There is no beauty for him. The rays of the sun pierce not his bosom;—the birds have no song

for his ear;—the loveliness of the flowers is wasted upon his eye;—and their fragrance is no fragrance to him:—

“The primrose by the river’s brim
The yellow primrose is to him,
But nothing more.”

The innocent prattle of children is torment to his nerves,—and all sweet sounds seem to him as “making a nuisance of the blessed air.” In this mind his language is:—It is too late. I cannot go back. The world does not want me. I do not want the world. Never again can I be respected. My lot is cast. I must live as a miserable outcast. The places that once knew me will refuse to know me more. I am held up as a warning to children; trembling old men tremble more when they meet me,—and young men and maidens pass me by on the other side.

“So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be *thou* my good!”

“I will drink and forget my poverty, and remember my misery no more.”

This is no fancy sketch. It has laid me under no debt to the imagination. I wish it had. It answers to many a history, as face answers to face in the glass. The misfortune of such men has pushed them to the very verge of society—crushed them against its towering walls; until they have sunk to the earth living sacrifices at the shrine of Mammon; and, ere long, were offered up again lifeless victims on the altar of Bacchus.

Now had such men been treated like men, had the spirit of Christianity been spread over them as a shield—they might have been saved. But no. Society keeps its brands of infamy hot for use. It builds prisons, and erects gallows, and multiplies houses of correction: but it has yet to learn that crime is not to be *crushed* out of existence; that the heart of man does not thrive on frowns;—that persecution is not the handmaid to virtue. Let me not be misconceived. There must, in the present state of society, be houses of reformation—there must be prisons provided, they

embrace in their machinery incentives to virtue, and do not tend to "break the bruised reed;" houses of correction, too, so they be not houses of destruction: stone jails, too, if they have not stone *hearts*;—but all these things should be *corrective*.

But under *no* circumstances should men be imprisoned, because of their poverty, or their debt. The laws are much improved in respect of these things,—and what has been done I trust is an earnest of much more. Men are to be kept from iniquity by the beauty of holiness; and not by the fear of punishment. Few men enlist in the service of Satan willingly. They, for the most part, are driven there by misfortune, or led blindfold by ignorance.

I see in this new temperance movement the sign of better things. I look upon it as a *new covenant*. I feel that the world is to be better for it,—that it will be felt more deeply than of yore, that the gentle influences of love are more powerful than the harsh restraints of law;—that if we would induce a man to cast off the garments of iniquity, we must warm his heart by the sun-shine of affection, and not chill it by the cutting blasts of persecution. It is this idea which is the central truth of all true reform. It goes to the foundation of the matter. It sees into the heart of things. It touches the secret springs of the soul. As this idea is apprehended in its significance, it will be incorporated into the soul of the community. Misfortune will not then be the high road to intemperance and crime; the loss of property will not be followed by the loss of self-respect;—men will not be stoned because they have faltered in the way; every man will be recognized as a brother. When the heart is heavy, and the spirit sad, the child of misfortune will not attempt to drown his errors in a poisonous draft, but will retreat into the bosom of a generous society where his wounds shall be healed, and his whole character be strengthened for the performance of duty.

The human mind craves excitement. It is "the life of its life." Without it, the soul grows languid, its wings droop, and, aspiring no more to reach the Empyrean, it sinks into ignoble

obscurity. If Society fails to afford the necessary stimulus to the downcast spirit, it retires within itself until its own resources are all exhausted, and hopeless *ennui* stares it in the face, and then, in a fit of desperation, spurred on by a necessity which knows no law, it bids defiance to all the rules of society, and plunges into low and debasing excitements, until the image of God is wholly effaced, and another human being has crossed the dreadful gulf which separates man from the brute.

If we would prevent such disasters, if we would save the soul from pollution, we must not exclude any man from the pale of our sympathies. Remember that every time you treat a brother lightly, you are doing your uttermost to drive him from the healthful influences of humanity into morbid misanthropy, and utter recklessness of character.—To the unfortunate man himself, whose earthly prospects seem blighted, who feels himself alone in society, solitary in a crowd, I would say:—If society heed you not in this day of your adversity, if old friends cast you off, and you feel that life is but a poor show, and that all is vanity and vexation, prove yourself a man by showing yourself superior to the world.

“To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Live an independent life. If the world looks upon you with scornful eye, care not for its idle glance. Live truly. Cultivate the higher faculties of your nature. Make it manifest that you can brave the frowns of the world. Remember that the character becomes dry and barren as a desert, if exposed only to the sunshine of the world. The terrific thunder, which makes the earth tremble to its centre, does not more surely purify the air, and give a new impulse to vegetable life, than do the startling adversities of our lot wake up the soul to a new energy, and quicken it into a new life. The noble tree of the forest, though it may bend almost to the earth when the storm rages, is yet gaining strength all the while, and its roots are spreading wider and deeper, that it

may be prepared for other and more dangerous gales. And so the soul of the genuine man, though it may tremble and sigh when the storm rages, and say with Job :—

“Let the day perish wherein I was born,—and as for that night let darkness seize upon it. Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark ; let it look for light but have none ; neither let it see the dawning of the day,”—

yet it will grow firmer and firmer as the storm rages, and illustrate the great truth that the soul may be superior to the afflictions of life. Whether born to adversity or prosperity, show that you are *prepared*. It has been said “a man was not born to prosperity, but to suffer for the benefit of others, like the noble rock maple which all around our villages bleeds for the service of man.”

Let the winds blow, and the waves of society beat and frown about you if they will, but keep your soul in rectitude, and it will be firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle and bid defiance to misfortune. If Gossip with her poisoned tongue meddle with your good name, if her disciples, who infest every town and hamlet, make your disgrace the burden of their song, heed them not ; it is their bread and their meat to slander ; treat their idle words as you would treat the hissing of a serpent or the buzzing of many insects. Carry yourself erect ; and by the serenity of your countenance, and the purity of your life, give the lie to all who would berate and belittle you. Why be afraid of any man ? Why cower and tremble in the presence of the rich ? Why

“Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
That thrift may follow fawning ?”

Why care for the frowns of an artificial society ?—

No ! No ! friend, fear them not ;—fear them not ! Build up your character with holy principles ; and if your path be not strown with flowers, let it be beautiful with the light of a divine life ; and you will leave behind you a noble example, which will be to the world a perennial flower whose leaves will be a healing to the nations, and its fragrance the panacea of the soul.

Above all, never let adversity drive you to the intoxicating cup.

That would be leaping from the fires of earth which purify, to the fires of hell which destroy :—

“Clasp your teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.”

Let the frightful experience of every drunkard teach you that it is indeed madness to hope to forget your sorrows in a sensual life.

FAITH.

BY R. S. S. ANDROS.

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought :
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again : and, last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo ! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O MAN !
Hath HOPE been smitten in its earlier dawn ?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan ?
Have FAITH and struggle on !

THE LIBERATOR.

This "eagle-spirited" sheet celebrates the new year by coming out in an entirely new and very handsome suit. I rejoice at this sign of its prosperity and hope it will be a type of a corresponding advance in the beauty and power of its spirit. Its intrepid editor has the unparalleled honor of having first raised the banner of immediate emancipation in this country, and for fourteen long years of pain and peril, bearing it aloft with heroic courage and defending it with wonderful skill.

But the "end is not yet." The work is not "finished." Many a stern battle is yet to be fought. Many scenes of trial and temptation are yet to be witnessed. The enemy is resolved, in his desperation, to "die game"—and many are the deep laid schemes, and ferocious onsets which must be met. The times, therefore, call for renewed diligence, increased watchfulness, and unheard-of toils and sacrifices. In this emergency, the little army of abolitionists—the forlorn hope of the slave—is looking to the *Liberator*, if not for the word of command, certainly for the word of counsel. The position of friend Garrison, therefore, is one of peculiar, and considering the disabled condition of the *Herald of Freedom*, critical delicacy. One might well shrink from the fearful weight of responsibility which rests upon his shoulders. It is greater than any human being can long bear, greater than any one ought to bear for an instant. The services of such giant men as O'Connell, Mathew, Garrison, Rogers, and Phillips, compel them, as society is, into a position which is neither safe for themselves nor society. It clothes them with an unnatural authority, which too often usurps the place of reason in the minds of their admirers, and becomes fruitful of bigotry and narrow-mindedness.

Mr. Garrison's invaluable labors, conducted as they have been with masterly ability, have invested him with this unnatural authority to a most dangerous extent, and it will require the most watchful care, both on his own part and on the part of his admirers

—of whom I am certainly one—to prevent its leading to most disastrous results. The thought is expressed on every hand that there is reasonable fear that the Anti-Slavery enterprise will degenerate into a sect, and its ministers into a priesthood. God forbid. For if any sect is to be dreaded above all others, it is one clothed with the free raiment of Anti-Slavery : and if any order of priesthood is to be shunned above all others as a wasting pestilence, it is that which usurps the high name of HUMANITY. Even the thought that Anti-Slavery is liable to such a contingency is most appalling. Oh, let there be one movement so perfectly saturated with freedom that it shall be “far above all principalities, and powers, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named !” Freed from all slavery to names and persons, and stripped of all the trappings of authority, our movement must advance with rapid stride. But subject it never so little to individual or authoritative caprice and it will soon limp into an ignoble grave.

These thoughts are naturally suggested by reflecting on the immense power which Friend Garrison wields from his sceptred position as conductor of his pioneer press,—and remembering the aptitude of our poor broken-spirited race, to submit itself to the rein and bit.

How friend Garrison will sustain himself on the dizzy heights of his present position, remains to be seen. If he uses his power as not abusing it, never for one instant attempting to “lord it over God’s heritage,” keeping up with the onward march of Freedom, neither subjecting himself nor any one else to the trammels of precedent or majority,—then his course will be onward and upward, and every tone of his voice will be music to exhausted Humanity, and every stroke of his pen will be felt in the very vitals of slavery. But if he becomes weary of progress, and turns fearfully away from fresh innovations upon tyranny and bolder annunciations of thought, then his “eagle-spirit” will be “tamed,” and, incapable longer of breathing the pure air of the Empyrean he will draggle along on the earth with broken wing

and wandering eye, furnishing another illustration to those which already crowd the page of history,—of the decline and fall of regal genius!

The *Liberator* hitherto has, with perhaps one exception, been the freest press in the world. To maintain this enviable position, it must continue to progress, freeing itself as much as possible from all technical restraint. It must have no platform narrower than human rights,—no banner which will not enfold all truth. It must be zenith-high above all political “ways and means”—reliant entirely upon moral agencies to accomplish its peerless purpose. It must avoid, with jealous care, oppressing the human mind with any kind of authority, and discuss every thought upon its own proper merits, utterly irrespective of the character of its source or advocacy.

Such a course as this will tend to disfranchise all within its sphere of that man-worship, creed-worship, and book-worship, which constitute the triple bulwark of error in every heart. And this disfranchisement is of primary importance to every disciple of Freedom.

One of the thoughts which reconcile me to the sudden death of the late *Herald of Freedom* is that when the health of its truth-inspired editor will permit him to resume his pen, he will be likely to enlarge the field of his action, and give an impetus to the cause so dear to his heart—the cause of liberty—by rendering it a less technical, and therefore more energetic support. He will not be even under the suspicion of organship, or toolship, and will be free even from an apparent obligation to put the least curb upon his tameless spirit. His late experience must have taught him the great lesson of INDIVIDUALITY in such a manner as to secure for it henceforth, his unlimited advocacy. This is the lesson which the community is pining for the want of. It is—this “individuality,” this absolute freedom of the individual—the grand specific for nearly all the ills to which soul is heir. When the harassed and chain-worn multitude look in upon our movement and find it embarrassed by the same forms and formalities

to which they have been so long thrall, or notice the least particle of that dictatory and domineering spirit which precludes them from individual freedom in their present position—they will be repulsed from us, and return to the world's great chain-gang in utter despair. But if they find us animated by the spirit of brotherhood, jealously respectful of the rights of all, especially the weak and unfortunate, acting each on his own individual responsibility, without "let or hindrance,"—they will be captivated by the unusual scene, and will long to be themselves united to that "sweet society," who recognize the only "bond of peace" to be "unity of spirit." With these *ex tempore* thoughts, which came skelping along too fast for me to clothe them in better garb, I wish the *Liberator* "a happy new year."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

The shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lonely stable-shed
Where the virgin-mother lay :
And now they check'd their eager tread ;
For to the babe, that at her bosom clung,
A mother's song the virgin-mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night !
While sweeter than a mother's song,
Blessed angels heralded the glorious birth,
"Glory to God on high !" and "Peace on earth !"

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the babe she press'd
And while she cried — "the babe is mine,"
The milk rushed faster to her breast :
Joy rose within her, like a summer morn :
Peace, "Peace on Earth !" The "Prince of Peace" is born.

The mother of the "Prince of Peace,"
Poor, simple, and of low estate,—
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
Oh why should *this* thy soul elate?
Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,—
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

And is not war a youthful king,
A stately hero clad in mail?
Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
Him earth's majestic monarchs hail
Their friend, their playmate! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

"Tell this in some more courtly scene,
To maids and youths in robes of state!
I am a woman poor and mean,
And therefore is my soul elate.
War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child!

"A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
He kills the sire, and starves the son;
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil has won:
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
'That strife should vanish, battle cease';
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The mother of the "Prince of Peace,"
Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:
Peace, "Peace on Earth!" The "Prince of Peace" is born!

REFORM INSTRUMENTALITIES.

It is Sunday night. I have just returned from one of Humanity's meetings, and am too full of its enlivening spirit to think of repose. It was not an appointed meeting, except in the general order of Providence, but was a spontaneous gathering of a room-full of free spirits, met for no special purpose, and confined, therefore, to no special topics. In course of the conversation, which at no time degenerated into speech-making, the great question of human rights, in many of its most important bearings, was considered: and as we were restricted by none of the tyrannical formalities of organized bodies, but were left to the free utterance of our convictions, the discussion was very free and familiar, and resulted in the great edification of all present. It was one of those meetings which stand first and foremost among reform instrumentalities; for it was without a single authoritative trammel. It was a living protest against formal and conventional assemblages, and a triumphant affirmation of the incomparable excellence and efficiency of entire freedom of speech. You should have been there to feel how beyond all expression it refreshes and strengthens one to be loosed for a while from this great cage which we call *Government*, and allowed to range abroad at will without let or bar. Our self-constituted keepers see unimaginable dangers in our being *at large* in this way, and are for narrowing our cage and shortening our chain. If we don't shiver the bars and snap the chain, now that we may do it if we will, we shall soon be drawn down to the ringbolt and starved into imbecility. It is a great leap from the fenced and spiked limits of an icy conventionalism on to the illimited and illimitable plain of absolute freedom,—and it isn't strange that on first pressing its green soil, and feeling the exquisite sense of *entire* emancipation, one is disposed to caper about with what seems to those who are peeping at him through the prison bars, a most unreasonable and extravagant joy. But if extravagance ever has a sure defence, it

is when indulged in by a freed slave, and if there is a freed slave in the universe it is he who has cut the last strand which binds him to the footstool of human authority, or *any other* save the *absolute authority of his own free convictions*. Whoever have done this "shall mount up with wings as eagles: they shall run and not be weary: and they shall walk and not faint."

As we sat by each other on the occasion which has suggested these "extravagances," it was truly inspiring to see how a new thought, uttered by one of the men or women, would fly round the magic circle like electricity, waking every one into new life with its pleasant shock, and leaving a bright spark in every eye. It was delightful, too, to feel the absence of all order, or rather all "rules of order." I suppose, in point of fact, we had that highest order, the "order of nature"—a kind of order not "made and provided" for in Jefferson's Manual, and which is contraband to all Parliaments, and utterly extraneous and irrelevant to all chairmen. I wish our friends Garrison and Foster and Quincy and Chapman had been with us; for it seems to me they would have seen the beauties of unshackled speech so finely illustrated, that they could never again rest easy under the orderly control of a chairman appointed to moderate them, and would never again consent to subject anti-slavery to anything but its own will, moderate or immoderate! However, the time is coming, is nigh at hand, when the surges of free thought will break over the petty chains which are insanely used to stay its bold career, as unconcernedly as the restless surges of the sea rolled over the fetters of poor Xerxes.

But to our meeting again. The prevailing, presiding thought, was that our reform movement should utterly repudiate all political instrumentalities whatsoever, and devote the whole of its immense energies to the inculcation of simple truth. Every other course was represented as ruinous. The idea of calling upon politicians to use any of their murderous tools in our behalf, was exposed by showing that they were utterly useless for anything but mischief. Every argument which ingenuity could devise

was adduced in favor of calling upon our state and national legislatures to put their engines upon our track; but it was shown that they were *infinitely* too narrow for that purpose, and if placed there would only tear up the ground, upset the cars, get our enterprise into hot water, and dash us to pieces like a potter's vessel.

In fine, the broad ground was taken that about the only thing we have to do with governments is to protest against their existence and call upon them in the high name of Humanity instantly to disband. To do this, with our professions, is noble,—but to go creeping up to their crimson thrones with petitions “praying them” to “abolish slavery in the District of Columbia” by the crushing force of their authority; and asking them to place themselves at the South end of our Eden to keep out Texas with a “flaming sword;” seemed to some of us most unworthy and ignoble, and in flat contradiction to our moral suasion professions. The main suggestion in reply to these thoughts was, that we ought to petition these armed bodies to repeal their iniquitous laws, to *undo* their vile work. To this the ready answer was, that we had no objection to calling upon them to *undo* anything which could be undone without the use of the sword, and especially to *quit doing* everything; but that we couldn't call upon them to *do* a single thing, because they have but one instrumentality and that the sword.

THE TRUTH.

The truth must always triumph in the end. Her light may be for a time obscured by the clouds of ignorance, distorted by the mists of superstition, or concealed by mountains of prejudice; but she is omnipotent, and inspires her true disciples with a perennial faith which will shine through the clouds, dissipate all mists and remove mountains.

The glittering host of Pride may be arrayed against her: Ambition may put his iron heel upon her cause: Selfishness may essay to elude or vanish her: but all in vain. As well might they attempt to stay the incoming of the tide, or circumscribe the light of the stars. Amidst all their vain babblings and all their noisy conflict, she remains in unchangeable beauty and unweakened power. With form erect, and countenance beaming with hope, she looks mildly upon her enemies; and before the steady light of her eye, they quail and quiver like the reed in a storm.

Like the Sun, she presses forward in her path, in sublime dignity and grandeur. She heeds not the roaring tempest, and for her the arrowy lightning has no terror. Error may spread his black wings 'twixt her and the earth; but into her breast he can send no alarm. His startling voice disturbs not her quiet; his ominous notes are not ominous to her. The "shadow of his coming" darkens not her countenance, but as he moves stealthily on in his dark path, she pursues her appointed way like an Angel of Light; and when Error has passed away into oblivion, she shines forth upon the world, with a more ravishing light, and a more quickening power.

"Truth struck to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

MILITARY COMPANIES.

An organized priesthood is bad enough,—and an organized doctor-hood ; but organized revenge, incorporated hate, is a trespass upon the moral sense, which is intolerable. The idea of a body of respectable human beings accoutreing themselves with desperate looking knives, and murderous guns with bayonets “ fixed ” in ’em, and parading about a peaceable community which never *could* have done anything bad enough to deserve such an infliction, is preposterous, really. And then what consummate foolery it is, especially in dog-day weather, for able-bodied human creatures to wad themselves out with cotton enough to defend another New Orleans, and disfigure themselves with those ugly bob-tail coats ! And those ungainly things, two or three stories high, called caps, ornamented with long tail-feathers tipped with blood, and as comfortless and heavy as if made of cast-iron,—why in the name of common sense will men lug such “ traps ” about on their heads ? Poor fellows, as they walk along,—no, not *walk*, that is beyond their military competency, but *march*—as they march along, then, with their fine brows dented and dimmed by these—I had almost said fools’-caps,—and their breasts puffed out with the great American staple, and their whole uniform so arranged as to produce the greatest possible amount of discomfort,—the big sweat stands out upon their faces like dew, and but for the sense of the ridiculous which it excites, their jaded appearance would melt the community to tears. And then their “ arms,”—of what possible use are they, save to “ hew and hack ” these poor bodies of ours, which in their best estate are none too comely or comfortable ? And which of those fine young fellows wants to use the hateful things for any such purpose ?—Not one of them. They have not—as a rule—a whit of that murderous spirit which their guns and knives represent. They submit to the foolery of wearing them because it is fashionable,—and withal a little heroic. And that’s not all. The din and

drudgery of common life are so monotonous and wearisome, that the tired soul, eager for relaxation, seizes hold of anything which affords the least contrast or change, whether it be a company of independent soldiers, or an independent company of "Odd Fellows." Anything for a change. Provide healthful social arrangements for the people, and let their homes be what they should,—the abodes of peace, and purity, and plenty,—and this feverish thirst for something frivolous and extravagant, as a relief from the exhausting toil for bread,—will give way to a love of truth and beauty, and a life of tranquility and peace. But so long as society compels men to labor beyond their strength, and fails to provide proper means of amusement and recreation, and so long as social intercourse is embarrassed by all manner of cold-hearted restraints and embarrassments, so long men will continue to indulge themselves in their present absurd practices, and the land will be cumbered with every species of destructive organization.

NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

"To fall on the battle-field fighting for my dear country—that would not be hard."
THE NEIGHBORS.

O no, no, — let ME lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head:
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald eagle brings

The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight !

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance :
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave : —

I know that o'er their bones
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
Some of those piles I've seen :
The one at Lexington upon the green
Where the first blood was shed,
And to my country's independence led ;
And others, on our shore,
The " Battle Monument " at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker's Hill.
Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still ;
Thy " tomb " Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss
That issue from the gulf of Salamis.
And thine, too, have I seen,
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,
Watched by some turbaned boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conquerer's shout.
But as his eye grows dim,
What is a column or a mound to him ?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles ? What the roll

Of drums? No, let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,
And from my forehead dries
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive
My soul to their clear depths! Or let me leave
The world, when round my bed
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare,
To go and be at rest
With kindred spirits, — spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

In my dying hour,
When riches, fame, and honor have no power
To bear the spirit up,
Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
That all must drink at last,
O, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up, and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven!

And though no grassy mound
Or granite pile says 'tis heroic ground
Where my remains repose,
Still will I hope — vain hope perhaps! — that those
Whom I have striven to bless,
The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,
May stand around my grave,
With the poor prisoner, and the poorest slave,
And breathe an humble prayer,
That they may die like him whose bones are mouldering there.

THE DUTIES OF MASTERS AND SLAVES, RESPECTIVELY, OR
DOMESTIC SERVITUDE AS SANCTIONED BY THE BIBLE :

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN THE GOVERNMENT STREET CHURCH, MOBILE, ALA.,

BY REV. W. T. HAMILTON, D. D., PASTOR OF SAID CHURCH, ON SUNDAY

NIGHT, DEC. 15, 1844. MOBILE : PUBLISHED BY F. H. BROOKS,

WHOLESALE BOOKSELLER, 1845.

The above is the title of a discourse, for a copy of which I am indebted to the courtesy of the author. It differs from the discourses preached by New England clergymen, on the subject of slavery, in being bold, frank, and unshrinking, instead of tame, non-committal, and cowardly.

It is also written in a simple unpretending style, adapted to the rudest comprehension, and well calculated to leave a deep impression. But here all praise must stop ; for as for the sentiments of the book, they are atrocious,—so much so, as to require the greatest stretch of charity to consider that the author, or any body else, ever honestly entertained them.

The “divine” takes for his text, the 1st verse of the 4th chapter of Paul’s Epistle to the Colossians :—“Masters give unto your servants that which is *just and equal* ; knowing that you also have a master in heaven.”

Now any body whose common sense had not been educated out of him in a divinity school, or who had not graduated from some theological tread-mill, would want no better text than this, from which to preach the most radical Anti-Slavery sentiments which ever adorned the lips of man. Read it. “Masters give unto your servants that which is *just and equal*. Is it “just” to keep back a man’s wages ? Is it “just” to deprive him of the privilege of locomotion ? Is it “just” to sell him ? Is this the *equality* of which the apostle spoke ? Is this a sample of his *justice* ? If so, then Paul was a tyrant, and had gone back to his old trade of persecuting Christians, and was wielding his Damascus blade against the dearest rights of man. If he really meant

to make a mockery of truth in this way, and intended, as this Mobilian divine says he did, to apply the words "just" and "equal" to chattel slavery, then St. Paul was as great a villain as the tyrant Nero, who beheaded him.

"Ye also have a master in heaven,"—says the apostle, meaning, as one would suppose from the context, a kind Father, a benignant God. But if the writer was apologising for slavery, as he was according to Dr. Hamilton, then he meant that we "also have a *slave-master* in heaven,"—in which case heaven and hell must be synonymes. If God is our master in that sense, he is a despot, and it is no wonder men every where are in "rebellion" against him. But every body that knows anything of the New Testament—a description which excludes nearly the whole race of theologians,—knows that the God of which that book teaches, is a kind Father, who cannot look upon iniquity without abhorrence. And yet Dr. Hamilton thinks God has a complacent eye for Southern Slavery; that he sees babies sold by the pound, and women by the dozen, with approval; that he made one class of his children to be owned by another; and that he, (Hamilton,) of course, is one of the owners "elect." This is "election" with a witness,—and an "election," and a "calling" which the learned divine means to make "sure."

But the principal thought I have in my mind in this connexion is (and I ask the readers' special attention to it)—suppose Paul *did* mean, when he said—"masters give unto your servants that which is *just* and *equal*,"—"masters give *not* unto your servants that which is *just* and *equal*,—but on the contrary enslave them, hold them as *chattels*, and thus trample justice and equity under your feet?" Would that make it right? Can Paul, or Apollos, or any body, make it right to convert a human being into a piece of property, and treat him as a thing? No,—and if Paul had advocated any such colossal wickedness in his epistle to the "saints and faithful brethren which are at Colosse," there wasn't one of them, young as they were in the principles of truth, who would not have treated him as another Judas Iscariot.

It is high time the people were made to feel that wrong is wrong, and right is right, scripture or no scripture. And when these priests come to us and try to prove that slavery, or any other crime, is sanctioned by the Bible,—we ought not to stop to discuss the matter with them, but answer at once:—"If that is a *true* saying of yours, then the Bible is an infamous book, and ought to be scouted out of all decent society." Now here is Dr. Hamilton, whose influence over his people is no doubt very great, gilding over the black institution of American despotism with the light of scripture. And so he deceives their moral sense, and lulls them into spiritual death. He says (page 6)

"I take the ground distinctly and emphatically, that domestic servitude, *as found among us at the South*, (however undesirable it may be in some respects,) is not in itself sinful. The Bible plainly recognizes it; and the sin of slavery, (for there is much sin attending it,) springs not from the *nature of the relation*, but from the *neglect of duty of the master*!!"

Now I "take the ground distinctly and emphatically" that if the Bible teaches any such thing, every copy of it ought to be served as Paul (or somebody) served the Ephesian letters.—Theodore Weld is said to have annihilated the Bible defence of slavery. But who cares whether he did or not? Anti-Slavery stoops when she condescends to any such verbal warfare. If slavery is "*weld-ed in*" to the Bible, (instead of "*Weld*"-ed out) as J. Q. Adams says it is "*welded in to the Constitution*,"—then what? Down with both of them *as authority*,—and up with the everlasting principles of right,—which no books can gainsay, and no priests meddle with, without being blasted.

Through the cold and dreary pages of this sermon, the wretched author insists over and again, with great earnestness, that the Apostles "*connived at slavery*." Very well, then, Mr. Hamilton, if your Apostles, instead of being straight-forward, honest men, are full of "*connivances*," and that, too, with the "*sum of all villanies*,"—then the apostolic succession instead of being matter of boast should be a cause of unqualified shame,—and those who substantiate their claim to it should be ranked with those

— “whose blood

Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.”

From such apostles, “good Lord deliver us.” I will not stop to ask what need of conniving at slavery if it was right, but merely say, that any such connivance is utterly detestable, and if the coat fits St. Paul, or St. anybody, he should wear it, though it were as uncomfortable as a “cantharidian plaster.” Speaking of Epistles, I wrote one “with mine own hand” to this Mr. Hamilton, when he was in these parts, in reply to one of his in which he complained that a man-stealer should be called a thief. Being no philologist, as Hamilton is, I didn’t go into a verbal discussion, but I did tread upon his theological toes, and in the sermon before me he notices the fact as follows :—

“So plainly does the Bible contemplate the existence of domestic servitude, —*even in the church*—and by its laws provided for its due regulation, and for the correction of abuses likely to spring from it, that a zealous abolitionist lately addressed me thus :—‘*Prove to me from the Bible that slavery is to be tolerated, and I will trample your Bible under my feet, as I would the vilest serpent on the face of the earth.*’ Such language flows not from humanity, but from a ferocious pride ; not from reason, but from madness ; not from piety, but from the very spirit of infidelity.”

Very well, Dr. Hamilton, if it is inhumanity to defend men from enslavement, against all authority, and to deny the competency of any book, apocryphal or canonical, to justify such enslavement ; and if it is the dictate of “ferocious pride” to trample any book under foot which dares to assume to itself such competency, —then may my ferocity increase with every passing hour, and my inhuman acts multiply till they outnumber the stars in the sky.

I know full well, sir, that you and your clerical colleagues will call this infidelity, and tell me with many a solemn warning that “it will not do to die by.” And that is true. Such humane sentiments were not intended to *die* by ; their “steps” do not “take hold on death.” They are given us to *live* by,—and to live here on this green and beautiful earth. The doctrine which answers to *die* by, which is *just fit* to die by, is your doctrine that the Great Parent of Good looks with an approving smile upon the

appalling institution of American slavery. Indeed, that doctrine is *moral death* itself,—and men are “dying by” it every day. You say, Dr. Hamilton, that your sentiments will “fit us for another world;” that may be,—and your arguments on that point I may not answer, for my knowledge is confined exclusively to *this* world, in whose behalf only I speak. But I will say, if there is “another world” where your inhuman and unearthly sentiments pass current for virtue or wisdom,—a world whose God is on the side of slavery,—it must be an infernal place, and I for one, have not the least inclination to “prepare” for it,—if I had, I would join the *Andover (or some other) Theological Seminary*, forthwith, and take orders for the ministry.

One word in conclusion. Whoever supposes I think that the Apostle to the Gentiles, or any other Christian teacher, is in favor of slavery, makes a great mistake. I am certain that the principles of the New Testament are utterly irreconcilable with the slightest form of human bondage,—but then I want the reader to understand that if those principles *were* pro-slavery, they should be despised just as much in the Bible as anywhere else.

GIVE ME A GRAVE WHERE THE WILD BLOSSOMS REVEL.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Give me a grave where the wild blossoms revel,
Let me repose 'neath some whispering tree,
Close by the home of the robin and sparrow,
Near to the haunts of the murmuring bee;
Bury me not where the place is all silent,
Saving the sound of the bat on the wing,
Or the screech of the owl in his midnight carousal,
Haunting the spot like a terrified thing.

Let me not lie where the brier and bramble
Choke the green grass o'er my place of repose:
Give me no grave where the poisonous nightshade
Over my ashes its dim shadow throws;

Friends that I loved in the hour of my being,
Never would visit my desolate bed,
Or, if they came, they would turn away shuddering,
Linking dark thoughts with the home of the dead.

No, — let me lie by the side of some streamlet,
Murm'ring its song in the flow'r-scented air :
Seek ye some place where the spot is all joyous,
Meet for my spirit, — and bury me there.
Oh, I should slumber so peacefully, sweetly,
Blossoms to deck me, and music around !
Angels, methinks, would be ever beside me,
Making the charnel place heavenly ground !

Friendship would come with its off'ring of roses,
Twining a chaplet to lay on my tomb,
Love would be there with a smile and a tear-drop,
Smiles for my mem'ry, and tears for my doom ;
There they would linger the long summer evening,
Lik'ning my race to the course of the sun,
Glad in its rising and calm in its setting, —
Sinking to rest when my journey was done.

Over my grave they would talk of the lost one,
Fondly recalling each trait that was dear,
Tenderly throwing the pall of oblivion
Over the faults of the cherished one near.
Then they would pause in the pleasant recital,
Marking the loveliness scattered abroad,
Turning their thoughts to the lovelier dwelling,
Where the departed was resting with God.

Then let me lie where the wild blossoms revel,
Let me repose 'neath some whispering tree,
Close by the home of the robin and sparrow,
Near to the haunts of the murmuring bee :
Oh, I should slumber so peacefully, sweetly,
Blossoms to deck me and music around !
Surely kind angels would hover beside me,
Making the charnel spot heavenly ground.

WILLIAM RICH.

William Rich is one of those men whom the orthodox priest in this town delights to sneer at as "gutter graduates." Early in life he incurred habits which at last plunged him into the dreadful vortex of intemperance, and cost him his love of truth, honesty, and even common decency. He became, through the frightful influence of intoxicating liquors, a poor, miserable, reckless creature, living a life of the utmost degradation and wretchedness. His naturally good talents, and fine disposition, were almost ruined, and he felt himself irrevocably lost. With no self-respect, he soon lost respect for the rights of others, and in his despair was driven to the commission of acts which at last placed him, through the operation of our retaliatory laws, in the Charlestown State's Prison. After staying there for several years, and deporting himself in a manner in the highest degree creditable, and giving hope of much better things when he should be permitted to go loose,—he was released, before the expiration of his term, by the active efforts of a few noble-hearted Washingtonians,—and again had the "world all before him where to choose." By a too common mistake he concluded, according to the advice of his friends, not to engage in his regular trade, (that of shoemaking) but to go out as a temperance lecturer. The novelty and unhealthy excitement of this wandering life—especially when contrasted with his hard life in prison—was more than his moral system was equal to; and when the novelty began to wear off, and the excitement to subside, he was visited with that dreadful *ennui* which in such cases is almost invariably the precursor of a return to evil habits, or which at any rate was such a precursor in this instance. His past life had not given him that stability of character which could breast the tempestuous tide of life, and he fell. Soon after, he reformed once more,—but only to fall again and again, until "repeated penitence had wearied his soul," and he was hurried back by the receding tide into further violations of

civil law, and the prison again stared him in the face. To many of our readers these circumstances are familiar.

In a state of intemperance he broke into the store of Christopher Robinson, who, from the beginning, had been one of his most constant and efficient friends. The community was much excited about it, and pronounced William to be an incorrigible and hopeless ingrate. They would not listen to any further plans for his benefit, but set him down as fit only for the life of a convict. Not so thought Mr. Robinson. He was fully satisfied that William had in him, among the decaying embers of his soul, a spark which might yet be kindled into a flame by the warm breath of brotherly affection. And he acted accordingly, against the almost unanimous opinion of his neighbors and the public. They hooted at the idea that Christian principle was applicable to so extreme a case, and contended that nothing was applicable to it but the heathen law of retaliation. Mr. Robinson replied that if Christian principles were not applicable to extreme cases, they were not applicable to any cases, and were not worth professing. In his opinion the peculiarity of Christian principles was that they were equal to *every emergency*.

Meanwhile the civil law had got its iron grasp on to William, and he was taken off to jail to await his trial. The time of trial hurried along, and he was brought before the bar to answer to a State's Prison offence. He plead "guilty." Mr. Robinson then interceded (by attorney) in his behalf, and endeavored to procure for him as lenient a sentence as the case admitted of. The result was that the court offered to let William off on \$300 bail for ninety days, with the understanding that if at the expiration of that time he had deported himself well, it would materially affect the final decision of his case. Mr. Robinson and several others promptly consented to be bound for William, and he was set free. For this benevolent act the bondsmen were much ridiculed, and it was very shrewdly and cunningly said that they would have to pay down the \$300, while William would head for Texas. Not so thought they. They were as sure of his appearance at court

at the appointed time as they could be of any thing in the future.

As soon as he was released from confinement, friend Rich went out to the Hopedale Community,—the delightful home founded by Adin Ballou and others,—where he was welcomed as “a man and a brother,” and treated with that kindness which his situation was so well adapted to call forth. At the expiration of the ninety days he made his appearance promptly at the court, and, through the intercession of his bondsmen, was set at liberty for ninety days more,—the amount of the bonds being diminished one half. He returned to Hopedale, conducted himself as well as before, and when the court convened, made his appearance again,—and, with the amount of the bonds lessened still more, was released again. Shortly after this, the whole matter was settled, (legally, of course,) by the District Attorney, Mr. Huntington, who, it is proper to say, from beginning to end, behaved in the most creditable manner.

And now, to bring the matter to a close, the reader is requested to notice the fact that by the faithful application of Christian principles, our friend William Rich has been rescued from the jaws of a dismal prison, reclaimed from a life of intemperance and crime, and restored to society, a virtuous, industrious, and happy citizen. He has just taken to himself, for a wife, one of the most respectable and worthy women in Hopedale, and he is esteemed by all who know him as deserving of her esteem and love.

This is certainly one of those cases which might well strengthen our faith in the law of love and truth, and diminish it in the law of retaliation. Had Mr. Robinson listened to the advice, or been affected by the sneers of those who call themselves Christians, William Rich, instead of being the happy and useful man he now is,—would be a convict in the Charlestown State's Prison.

It should be borne in mind, moreover, that for this act of disinterested humanity, and for similar acts in other departments of reform, Mr. R. is called an *infidel*. The *New England Puritan*, (and other religious papers,) at the time the above interesting facts were transpiring, sneered at him as a come-outer and non-

resistant,—and almost rejoiced that his store had been broken into. But let this go. One fact is worth a million theories,—and here is a fact, of the most instructive character, which goes further to prove the truth of Christianity, and the falsehood of the popular religion, than all the books which ever were written.

MAN.

BY GEORGE HERBERT, — BORN 1593.

My God, I heard this day,
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man, to whose creation
All things are in decay ?

For Man is everything
And more. He is a tree, yet bears no fruit ;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more.
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute ;
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest brother :
For head with foot hath private amity ;
And both, with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star ;
He is, in little, all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good ;

As our delight, or as our treasure.
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed :
Night draws the curtain ; which the sun withdraws.
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind,
In their descent and being ; to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty :
Waters united are our navigation ;
Distinguished, our habitation ;
Below, our drink ; above, our meat :
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty ?
Then how are all things neat !

More servants wait on Man,
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
Oh, mighty love ! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, oh, dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last !
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee ;
And both thy servants be.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

The Hutchinson music transcends, in my view, any ordinary speech, as much as the light of the sun transcends the light of the stars. No man can listen to it without being filled with a love of the true and the beautiful. It enchants one like the singing of birds. It charms his angry passions to sleep, and wakes all his finest feelings to harmonious action. It raises the groveling and low-bred soul to communion with high and holy thoughts, and brings back the soul which has soared above the realities of life into untravelled and *uninhabited* regions, back to a noble appreciation of the pure enjoyments of life. In one word, the influence of this music is *humanizing*. It is a grand offset to the stiff and stupid teachings of the popular religion, which de-humanizes and depraves. It strikes a death-blow to misanthropy, and explodes the idea of "total depravity" into utter nothingness. The "established worship" of the nation stands rebuked and abashed in its presence,—while true reform is fired with new enthusiasm by every note which it utters. Hence the people love it, while the priests and the politicians hate it—that is, hate it as priests and politicians,—but as men even *they* love it. It has identified itself, naturally and unavoidably, with the greatest reform movements of the age. The slave in his chains, the drunkard in his cups, the prisoner in his cell, the orphan in his asylum, the priest in his pulpit, all have cause to remember it with the deepest gratitude;—for it has turned the public ear to their miserable situation, and done much to alleviate its horrors. It has never turned a deaf ear to the "low ground cry of humanity," but has rather "inclined its head to catch it." Attempts have been made to enlist its magic powers—say rather its simple and natural and therefore boundless energies—in behalf of sect and party, but in every instance with the most signal and mortifying failure. Political and religious prints have endeavored to turn the public ear, and enlist the public hand against them,—

but with the same ruinous result to the poor malcontents, who have now pretty much given up the business. Oh, it is indeed a hopeful fact, a true sign of progress, that such music may still be heard, and reverently listened to, above the din of the world's noisy and quarrelsome arena,—that no amount of clatter can silence it, and no amount of superstition neutralize its influence. Give me *such* songs, and you may enact any laws you please, I will yet keep the core of the public heart sound and sweet.

TALKING MACHINES.

The papers are making considerable ado about a famous "Talking Machine" now on exhibition in New York, which, it is reported, can be made to say just what its proprietor or manager desires, without making the least mistake.

But surely such machines are no great curiosity. There are scores of them in every part of the country. We have half a score here in Lynn. They are not made of wood to be sure—except in the attic region—and they are not considered out of the common course of things ;—but in other respects they are like the New York machine to a hair. They have, in some stages of their existence, been so popular as to be almost deified ; and even now are ordained, consecrated, and set apart, and have certain monkish duties to perform in the temple. As a general rule they don't discourse very pleasant sounds,—but that is the fault of the public. Many of them, especially in this region, are a little out of order just now ; but it is thought that by and by, after a little tinkering and greasing, they will perform better.—They are expensive machines, and are supported mainly by the poor, who, according to an old tradition, imagine them made out of a superior kind of clay. This class of people (the poor) feel it their duty to keep them a-going, having a sort of superstitious fear, inherited from their grandmothers, that if they fail to contribute liberally to this end, they will be subjected, in a future world, to endless and inconceivable torments.

These machines are oiled with the sweat of the laborer, and the tears of the bereaved, and, in some instances, are worshipped in lieu of God.

They have a very peculiar voice, (like the New York article) which is a rude imitation of the human. It is a sort of whinish drawl, compounded apparently of sighs and groans, and has been mistaken by those whose ears are more remarkable for length than acuteness, for the natural voice of man.—In order to play upon the religious sentiment of the community more effectually, the proprietors of these machines pretend that their voice is rather divine than human, in which way they account for the peculiar drawl alluded to.

This singular invention is made somewhat after the shape of a man. There is, however, in general, a great fault about the eyes, which have a strange and unnatural roll, especially when lifted up. The effect of this, however, is said to be good, inasmuch as the peculiar expression of the white of the eye, well managed, is considered as having a tendency to produce solemnity and awe.

One other criticism on the thing is that its face is rather long for an average pattern of the human face, and its general expression a sort of blending of a forced smile and studied solemnity—similar to that which appears on the face of a circus clown when in a state of mock repose.

One other peculiarity of this vocal phenomenon is its uniform. This consists of a black suit from head to foot, with the exception of the neck, which is generally bandaged round pretty closely with a white linen cloth,—the effect of which is to give a ghastly aspect to the features, and heighten the solemn effect of the whole machine.

If any one doubts the accuracy of the above description, let him go into some of the heathen temples next Sunday where they are regularly exhibited. He will be admitted *gratis*, and if he ventures to express any disapprobation of the mechanical performances, will be ejected on the same terms. He mus n't be shocked if these machines talk about God, and Christ, and Humanity ;

for they are generally set to that tune. It is to be lamented that when they are wound up their owners do not set them to something different; but that is considered a matter of taste which is regulated according to the demands of their patrons. When the people call for a new tune—no matter what it is—they can have it; for the machine is as accommodating in that respect as a hand-organ.

THE LOVER OF NATURE.

FROM "WOOD-NOTES," BY R. W. EMERSON.

'Twas one of the charmed days,
When the genius of God doth flow,
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow :
It may blow north, it still is warm ;
Or south, it still is clear ;
Or east, it smells like a clover farm ;
Or west, no thunder fear.
The musing peasant, lowly great,
Beside the forest water sat :
The rope-like pine roots crosswise grown
Composed the network of his throne,
The wide lake edged with sand and grass
Was burnished to a floor of glass,
Painted with shadows green and proud,
Of the tree and of the cloud.
He was the heart of all the scene ;
On him the sun looked more serene,
To hill and cloud his face was known,
It seemed the likeness of their own ;
They knew by secret sympathy
The public child of earth and sky.
You ask, he said, what guide
Me through trackless thickets led :
Through thick-stemmed woodlands rough and wide,
I found the water's bed.
The watercourses were my guide,

I travelled grateful by their side,
Or through their channel dry ;
They led me through the thicket damp,
Through brake and fern the beavers' camp,
Through beds of granite cut my road,
And their resistless friendship showed ;
The falling waters led me,
The foodful water fed me,
And brought me to the lowest land,
Unerring to the ocean sand.
The moss upon the forest bark
Was polestar when the night was dark ;
The purple berries in the wood
Supplied me necessary food ;
For nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.
When the forest shall mislead me,
When the night and morning lie,
When sea and land refuse to feed me,
'T will be time enough to die ;
Then will yet my mother yield
A pillow in her greenest field,
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
The clay of their departed lover.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16, 1844.

This has been a great day. The chill which has sharpened the air for the last few days was exchanged early this morning for a soft and balmy breath fresh from the chambers of the South, —and all the day long the weather has been perfectly delicious. As a consequence the streets have been alive with happy people every hour—and up to this time (10 P. M.) you can hear the sound of merry voices from High Rock to the Sea. Nature never presented a more smiling face, never spoke in sweeter tones, never exhaled a sweeter breath, never took captive more hearts, than she has to-day. She has made lovers of us all. At morning and evening twilight the more thoughtful of her admirers

hastened to the beach to listen to the sublime chant of the sea, and during the heat of the day sought the cool retreat of the woods, to recline upon the soft grass and hear the sweet music of the birds. It has been a day well calculated to inspire the soul with lofty thoughts and tinge with the roseate hues of hope, all our anticipations of life. Whatever clouds may have gathered over our mind, to-day they have been gilded with light, or have spread their black wings and fled. The sad face of outraged humanity has lightened up with a gleam of gladness,—the hearts of her despised advocates have grown warm and trustful,—and even her enemies have been glad to unloose the knotted hand for once and give her the warm grasp of fellowship. Many a spirit which has been bending beneath a weight of care and sorrow for years, on such a day as this, as it inhales the fragrant incense of the flowers, and basks in the bright smile of Nature, lifts itself up into new life, and becomes conscious of sources of happiness and peace never before revealed. I like such days because they contrast so beautifully with the frowning spirit of a self-seeking world. All around me I see my brethren closing their eyes against all that is noble and true, and plunging madly into the boiling maelstrom of ungodly pursuits,—heedless of the cries of suffering humanity and utterly mindless of their own good—and I become tristful, and discouraged; but then the sweet smile of such a season as this shines in upon me and causes so many bright thoughts to bud forth into life, that I receive all at once a new income of strength, and all within me and around me seems prophetic of good.

This morning, after baptising myself with the pure air and water of heaven, and becoming quite inspirited by the countless angel ministrations which at such times wait upon every lover of Nature,—I was over-urged to breathe the dank atmosphere of a church. I did. And as I passed the threshold I felt as when passing from one of the charming arbors in Mount Auburn into a whited sepulchre. All was changed. The sweetness of the air, the sense of freedom, all elevation of thought, were gone in an

instant, and a cold chill as of death crept all over me. I remembered instantly that I was in a building whose portals were closed irrevocably against Humanity,—and that the shrieks of the poor drunkard and his hapless family, and the piteous moan of the heart-broken slave, had no power to reach its iron heart. Presently the priest of the place rose in pomp and pride and dared high Heaven by the awful blasphemy of a prayer, whose profane invocations fell upon my heart like the ribald jests of a forsaken woman. Then came the dolorous singing, then a formal and heartless reading of scripture, then another heart-chilling prayer, then other singing,—and finally, a most bitter and unmanly tyrade against the Spartan band who are perilling life and limb, and resigning cheerfully all worldly honor and reputation,—in behalf of the poor outcast. Not openly and manfully, after the fashion of honest men, but cunningly and disguisedly after the fashion of crafty priests,—the preacher went on (under the cover of a historical discourse in which he professed to state the impediments to the great *Lutheran* Reformation)—stabbing the Anti-Slavery men and the Washingtonians in the back, and gloating with most ravenous joy over every misstatement calculated to mislead his people.

When he had finished I desired to stand up before my brethren and sisters and call their attention to the awful spectacle which they had just witnessed,—of a pampered priest pouring forth his wrath against the noblest benefactors of the human race and invoking upon them the curse of God. I wanted to point them to the Channings, the Follens, the Wares, the Garrisons, the Mays, the Rogers's, the Phillips's, the Childs, the Chapmans, the Motts, the Pierponts, the Goves, the Lovejoys, the Fosters, the Grimkes, the Kelleys, the Loring's, the Douglasses, the Mitchells, the Remonds, the Goughs, the Johnsons, the Potters, the Allens,—and a host of others who have sent the smile of joy into a thousand dark abodes, and who have a name in the choicest memories of the forlorn and the down-trodden:—I wanted, I say, to point my brethren and sisters to those noble characters, and then ask,

on the spot, that they might be compared in point of usefulness and moral worth with the selfish mortal who had just been holding them up to scorn. I knew enough of human nature, I had faith enough in the intrinsic rectitude of the people before me, to know that they would admit that their priest was not worthy to unloose the shoe-latchet of one of the noble characters I have enumerated. But why did n't I rise and ask this question?—Because my limbs, nay my *life* would probably have had to answer for my presumption;—for these “lambs of God,” these “meek disciples of Christ,” feel it to be their duty to visit the most beastly personal violence on every such person.

When I left the “whited sepulchre” and had passed from its pestiferous atmosphere into the pure air of heaven, I felt that I had indeed left a charnel house full of dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness. I could not refrain from saying, “this is indeed a house of infamy, a gate to hell.” I felt more indignant than towards a Grogger, because a Grogger don't pretend to be holy, and this church does. The bar-keeper as he retails his draught of death denies not that the deed is foul; but this priest as he stands behind *his* counter to deal out the most deadly of spiritual poisons, pretends—oh terrific blasphemy!—to be the servant of the Most High!

The poor victim of man's licentiousness,—which licentiousness is seldom rebuked in the church—as she goes forth on her dreadful errand of prostitution, and lays her cunning snare for the feet of youth,—makes no pretence to goodness, and has no social influence. Her position needs not to be *defined*. The people understand it. And when I say “*her* feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell,”—they respond *amen*. But the time-serving Priest who is tenfold more to be dreaded than she, I cannot reach because he is entrenched behind a time-honored Institution, and has imposed upon the people by his prayers and his professions. For this reason it is that his order is so much more dangerous than *any other* in the world,—and for this reason it is that the church, which is his castle, is altogether the most to be shunned of any institution which defiles God's beautiful earth.

I am always shocked at the idea of tampering with the spiritual nature of man. It is too holy to be trifled with. It is this which makes him but a "little lower than the angels." It is this, implanted in the centre of every human soul, which foreshadows his immortal destiny, and when allowed her rightful supremacy over the soul, prefigures the infinite peace and happiness of the new heavens and the new earth. In the ultimate reign of the spiritual nature I believe—and the time is hastening apace when the miserable institutions which profess to minister to this nature but which in fact trample it under foot with Juggernaut ruthlessness,—will be supplanted by some simple and beautiful rites in keeping with the high destiny of the soul. I long for such a time. I am sick of the dead formalities, the stereotype sermons, the low aims, the sectarian jealousies, the self-righteous priesthood,—which are palmed off on the community as fit emblems of that greatest of love-spirits, Jesus of Nazareth. How would he spurn the empty ceremonials of his pretended disciples of the present day! How he would look upon these *Reverends*, these *Bishops*, these *Divines*, these *D. D.'s*! Think of calling him JESUS CHRIST, D. D., BISHOP CHRIST, REVEREND JESUS CHRIST. How it palls upon the ear? Why then don't it pall upon the ear when we apply these worldly epithets to those who pretend to be his disciples! Because we have been cajoled out of our wits by church trickery. If we had any of the simplicity of Christ, if we possessed a jot of his spirit, we would see through this love of authority and show which his professed followers manifest, and repudiate it all as arrant imposture.

I have always revered the pure character of Jesus Christ, and I believe the same spirit which was in him—a spirit of fortitude and self-denial, a spirit far above all priesthood, a spirit whose delight it was to mingle with the poor and the despised (instead of aspiring to be the first among men, after the manner of our clergy) a spirit which was as far above all mercenary thoughts as the heavens are above the earth,—I believe this spirit is destined to renovate the earth.

How his noble soul spurned all those trappings of earthly distinction which our ministers so much covet! How he rebuked the church and clergy of his day—and how *they* rebuked *him* for violating their Sabbaths, and not going to their meetings, and for daring to advocate moral truth, instead of their creed, in the synagogue! And how aptly their successors at the present day imitate the cursed example! *Jesus was a reformer.* He attacked the “peculiar institutions” of his day. Instead of making long prayers, and wearing broad phylacteries, and associating with the “first people,” and preaching their creeds, and keeping their Sabbaths—he mixed in with the *common people*, and told the clerical parasites of his day that the publicans and the harlots should go into heaven before them. And the consequence was that they persecuted him *just as the church and clergy have persecuted all reformers ever since*, and finally nailed him to the gallows—the gallows being then, as now, a great favorite with the church. Now if any man cannot perceive the same spirit which blackened the hearts of the crucifiers of Jesus, in the divines—as they impiously call themselves—of the present day, then he must be *non compos*.

Such were my reflections as I left the Orthodox Synagogue this morning. I went from thence to Dr. Kittredge’s charming cottage, and was glad to get so far from the sink of pollution where I had spent the forenoon. How changed the scene! All around me was loveliness and beauty! Instead of the impotent babbling of man, I heard the deep music of old ocean singing of infinite power, and the sweet song of the birds telling of infinite love.—Instead of the sepulchral faces of a bigoted congregation, I saw before me smiling fields peopled with a sisterhood of happy flowers, each yielding up her sweet incense of love to the wooing air. In place of that sickly atmosphere which seems to have an intuitive love for churches, and which is nearly as choking as the dry dust of modern orthodoxy, I inhaled the delicious aroma of green pastures, and the invigorating breath of the sea!

Amid such influences, dead indeed must be the soul which

does not join in the worship of Nature and breathe forth a tribute of gratitude. "Prayer," says a beautiful writer,

"Is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of the hidden fire,
Which glows within the breast."

And if this be prayer,—then is that longing after the purity and simplicity of Nature which springs instinctively to every heart which can appreciate her beauties, true and acceptable prayer. On such an evening as this, every voice you hear, from the thrilling accents of the smallest bird to the rich cadences of old Ocean himself, call upon the soul to unite in their harmony of harmonies, in praise to the great Creator. And how happy he who is so in unison with Nature as to join with a full soul in her choral-hymn, or unite in secret sympathy with the melody of the flowers as they breath forth their silent thanksgiving !

"Compared with *this*, how poor Religion's pride.

In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace *except the heart !*"

JEANIE MORRISON.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way ;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day !
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule ;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een, wi' tears,
They blind my een, wi' saut, saut tears,

And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'T was then we twa did part;
 Sweet time, sad time! twa bairns at scule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
 'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither lear:
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
 Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink,
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
 What our wee heads could think?
 When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
 We cleek'd thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The scule then skail't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speel the braes —
 The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' scule-time and o' thee.
 O, mornin' life! O, mornin' luve!
 O lichtsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts
 Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,

To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon ?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood,
The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies ;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak !
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled, — unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me ?
O ! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine ;
O ! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've born a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way ;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue ;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me !

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

I am naturally disposed to look at the bright side of life—for life even in its darkest estate has its bright side—and it weighs upon me like an incubus, that it has become my duty to dwell chiefly upon that part of the picture which is the most loathsome and repulsive. The truth is, there is yet much good in this shadowy world. There is in the depths of every human heart an undercurrent of good feeling and noble sentiment pure as the dews of heaven. It is this thought which gilds our darkest moments with light, and in times of gloom and despondency scatters the impending clouds, and opens upon the delighted vision all the starry brilliancy of Heaven. We know, also, that the human soul for the most part is wrapt in mists of doubt and sin, through which the inner light struggles hard to reveal and diffuse itself ; but now and then the light will break through, and mingling with the cold exhalations of sin, span the mind with the rainbow of hope and joy.

He must be a misanthrope, indeed, who sees in the human heart nothing but thick darkness. Pitied above all others should he be, whose spiritual eye is not keen enough to discern beneath all the dross of earth, some grain at least of pure gold to redeem his race from utter depravity and loss. Seen or unseen, there it is, gleaming in solitary beauty, and waiting to reward the patient and toiling hand which shall at last bring it to the light. Bury it up, you may, with all manner of evil trash ; bury it up the world seems determined to, with sensuality and sin, but there it will be

—that golden “talent,”—unsought and unheeded, perhaps, but still real and genuine, with the signet of heaven stamped upon it,—and you shall sooner blot the sun from the heaven, or dethrone Deity himself, than annihilate it in any soul. Let us all delve, then, till we find it. Find it first, we may and must, in our own souls, and having found it there, we shall have a faith which no sin can weaken and no disappointment destroy, that by earnest and living labor we shall at last discover it in the veins of every human heart. Take courage, then, brothers and sisters, and let faith in your own souls, faith in Humanity, faith in God, be inscribed in letters of light upon the tablet of your hearts.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke, one night, from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold ; —
And to the presence in the room he said : —
“ What writest thou ? ” The Vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer’d : — “ The names of those who love the Lord.” —
“ And is mine one ” ? said Abou. “ Nay, not so,”
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said : — “ I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show’d the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest !

LETTER FROM N. P. ROGERS.

It is possible that I may have been moved to reprint the following characteristic letter from my friend N. P. Rogers, by the strong personal friendship which exists between us,—but I think not.

The letter itself is full of interest. The leading idea which runs through it, like a vein of fine gold, is very precious, and I wish the reform community, especially, were in a mood to appreciate its value. That idea is (if I apprehend it rightly) that all reform meetings and movements are effectual for good, in proportion as they are free from the trappings and trammels of artificial society, or in other words, in proportion as they approach the simplicity and artlessness of a confiding social intercourse. This is the amount of that terrible “no-organization” which is the greatest bug-bear extant, unless it be non-resistance, which is pretty nearly the same thing.

No-organization, thus described, is the height of moral excellence and power, and is at war with nothing but bigotry, superstition, tyranny, and crime. In its service there is no quarelling for power, and no power for quarelling. Its meetings are as simple and free as the spontaneous gatherings of the family circle—or the groups of men and women which gather together at the corners of the streets, and in the market places, to discuss the current topics of the day. The only “order” it recognizes, is the order of Nature, which it holds can never be violated with impunity. All order which is based on fear, and enforced by the tyrannical authority of great names or numbers, it holds to be unworthy and degrading—even more so than absolute anarchy. It shuns all the machinery and chicane of political organizations, with the pure and truthful instinct of childhood. It has no organs nor tools, and is encumbered by no constitution nor by-laws. It knows no “moderator” but truth, no “manual” but love. This is no-organization. It is not above rule. It does not spurn law. Rather would it say with the pious Herbert,

"Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
 Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but men?
 Houses are built by rule—and commonwealths;
 Entice the trusty Sun, if that you can,
 From his ecliptic line; beckon the sky;
 Who lives by rule, then, keeps good company."

But it is one thing to be governed by those rules or laws which were framed by the great Architect of the universe—and quite another to be governed by those laws which are framed by feeble men, and which in most cases are grossly subversive of the laws of Nature. I know of no more strenuous advocates of "law and order" than that class of persons called "no-organizationists." It is *because* they love law and hate anarchy, that they resist the unreasonable edicts of self-constituted authority, and deny infallibility to that God of organization, *the popular voice*. They see nothing of the beauty of order in a gathering of men and women, each of whom is bitted, and bridled, and kept in check, by an officious chairman. But they do see the beauty of order, in its highest development, where the same people, attracted together by a common thought, exhibit that true "peace," whose only "bond" is "unity of spirit."

This is the poetry of order. It is not a dull, stupid, monotonous uniformity; but that unity in variety, and variety in unity, which is conveyed in the idea that

"All Nature's difference makes all Nature's peace."

It is not the order of a "well disciplined militia," or an awe-struck church, or a "moderated" town meeting,—but the order of an affectionate family circle, or the casual meeting of kindred spirits. Those who have no higher idea of order than uniformity, who desire to "*train*" their fellow men and women, and "*march*" them to the tune of their noisy drums and fifes, are, in reality, ignorant of the first principles of order. If uniformity is order, then is there no order in the illimitable realm of Nature; for she abhors sameness, as the Philosophers say she "abhors a vacuum." No two flowers exhibit the same proportions, or yield the same

perfume. No two trees put forth the same number of branches or of blossoms, or bear fruit of the same flavor. In all the animal kingdom no two living things are perfectly alike—and in the heavens we are told that “one star differeth from another star in glory.” Of the millions of men that dwell upon the face of the earth, and the millions more who sleep upon its bosom, not one was ever made in the exact similitude of another,—either in the form of his body or the features of his mind. And yet the order of Nature is so perfect that a grain of sand disturbed from its true position, would unsphere the Universe!

But here I am branching off in to an essay, when my sole purpose was to say a brief word by way of introduction to friend Rogers’s beautiful Letter. How finely, with a few magic touches of his pen, he has outlined that little hearth-stone gathering in Somersworth, so that the least imaginative of us all, can “fill it up” to a perfect *vrai-semblance* of the original! And how deeply we are made to feel that, after all, these homely little meetings are the hope of poor over-tasked and over-governed Humanity! Not that the large conventional meetings do not do a good work—though it may be well to say that all their good is in spite of their size and conventionalities, rather than by reason of them—but these small meetings, which are not deemed of sufficient importance to be organized, do a vastly better, and greater. I have now in my mind many of these little, social, accidental gatherings,—these happenings-in—where more good ground was ploughed up, and more good seed sown, in one fly-away evening, than could be done in a week at an ordinary convention. These meetings have all the freedom of the family board, or nearly so, and draw into their charmed circle many who would as soon walk into a lion’s den as into one of our armed and equipped public meetings, but who “drop in” to these gatherings in obedience to their social instincts, and seldom leave them without being wiser and happier. It will be seen, then, that we no-organizationists are not so crazy as is sometimes and somewhere represented. We do not as is slanderously, or ignorantly, as-

served of us, disbelieve in association. On the contrary, it is a cardinal article in our faith, that

"The heart's affections, like earth's brilliant streams,
Must flow in channels, radiate in beams,
If once self-centred to their source they turn,—
Like pools they stagnate, or like meteors burn."

But we would let these affections, as they gush like life-blood from the heart, flow into their natural channels, and not by all manner of ingenious and unnatural contrivances (as is the fashion of the world) turn them off into channels which are purely artificial. But to the letter :—

CONCORD, (N. H.) FEBRUARY 6th, 1845.

HENRY CLAPP, JR :—

Will you allow me space in your columns, for slight mention of an anti-slavery meeting, that occurred at Somersworth, N. H., and which I had the good fortune to attend on my return homeward from my late visit at Lynn? We were to return, you remember, by way of the eastern part of the State,—Durham, in the neighborhood of Dover,—where we had *anti-slavery* relatives. The abolitionists of Dover and Somersworth, gave us a sympathetic greeting, of which I cannot refrain to speak. When I speak of the abolitionists of Dover and Somersworth, I speak of those who never have occasion to speak of themselves, or for themselves. They are the unambitious, unostentatious friends of humanity, and of that *freedom* which makes humanity *free*—who will look after the cause, and the cause will look after them. *Individuals*—every one of them, that in the last sifting, will all fall among the wheat. That is if any body will. In these times of strangeness, who can be spoken of as sure to endure? Well, let us speak of what is past. That, at least, is sure. Whether the great hearts of Dover and Somersworth will *reorganise* next, or I shall—like some of our most vehement coadjutors, who are now trailing in the proud train of corporation,—I will not conjecture.

The anti-slavery meeting—it was of that class they call Pic Nic, in the genteeler ranks of anti-slavery, and in polite pro-slavery life. I dislike the term, and always did. I don't wish to borrow any of the terms of heartless gentility to apply to movements where all is heart. Some sixty or seventy of the abiding spirits, who love "Free Meeting" and the Spontaneous Press, spontaneously came together, at the house of T. B. and Mary Moses, at Somersworth. The occasion was to honor the position and principle of the old Herald of Freedom,—and in reproof of the tyrant-spirit of Boardship

which had treacherously undermined the life of that paper, and reduced it to the alternative of surrendering, or faithfully going down,—which latter it did. There was no premeditation or preparation about the gallant little meeting.—The attraction of moral gravitation—or, more like, the affinities of anti-slavery chymistry,—gathered the beautiful company together. One high, anti-slavery heart seemed to animate and actuate the entire assembly,—intelligent, united, truthful, free. I have never, in any anti-slavery assemblage whatever, felt myself so totally *at home*. Every one was at home. Every eye bespoke that delightful exemption from embarrassment, which is so rare where a meeting transcends in number the fireside circle,—and which is the charm of social life. The hospitable rooms,—not hospitable, for no *guests* or *strangers* were there,—the loving rooms were beautifully crowded, so that there was hardly room to sit. The evening disappeared like a vision. At the end of it appeared a tasteful, elegant, *unprovided* board of entertainment—not a Board of Management,—but of elegant, plenteous, inviting *entertainment*,—such as comes pleasantly in, after a “feast” of anti-slavery “reason, and flow of soul.” It was not got up by Committees of Arrangement,—it *came up*, as if it grew there. I will not lavish words upon it,—but it was an unexceptionable, modest, charming termination of one of the most charming social meetings I ever was in. Beautiful for what was present, and more beautiful from what was *absent*,—the absence of everything that mars and curses formal human associations. There was one occurrence that *began* to remind us of the ordinary, formality gatherings—there was *talk* of having speeches,—but speeches couldn’t be had. The anti-slavery tone was too high for it. Heart and soul so pervaded the assembly that speech couldn’t have place. James Morrison, and factory boy David Folsom, who so dishonored the brilliant corporate occasion here which consummated the death of the Herald of Freedom, these unlettered and undiploma’d friends, spoke some words of humanity, in the hearing of the little company—but they made no speeches. And had I been a speech-maker, as eloquent as Phillips or Burleigh, and had the health of Hercules, I couldn’t have profaned that sacred heart-meeting, with a display of periods. Veteran William Smith, who has forty great thoughts to one grammatical word,—who is as formidable to the foes of free speech, and the sticklers for corporation, as he used to be to the French, when he followed Wellington in the wars of the Peninsulas,—who in his age has surmounted all the inveterate habits of the camp, and become a lamb in spirit, instead of the tiger soldier,—he was among our moral suasion hearts there, and gave vent to his chastened old English spirit, in one of the best of old England’s old-fashioned songs. And we had other spontaneous singing,—from the hearts of devoted women, who needed neither the voice nor the genius of the Hutchinsons, to give effect to

their whole-souled song. But I am running too much to words. It was but a little occasion,—one of anti-slavery's outcast occasions, yet the greatest I have seen. Sublime in its fewness and simplicity. Such as Numbers, and Pomp, and Pretension, under whatever name, never can show—a sample of this world, when it shall become as it should be,—when slavery will be unknown in it, and *all* those hateful artificialities that produce slavery, and which are worse than inefficient, when used for its overthrow. Such was the little anti-slavery feast at Somersworth, held in memory of the suppressed Herald of Freedom, and in assertion of its principles which *cannot* be suppressed. The dear friends will be surprised that I give it to print,—for they made no ado about it, and had no thought it would ever be recorded, except, perhaps, in the hearts that were there to partake of it. Yet they will all bear me witness, that there is no small social spot so green as this, in all their memory. They all felt it so, and will so remember it. And it is sample of the New Hampshire Anti-slavery Society—in whose name Free Speech and the volunteer Press have been put to death. And it is sample, moreover, of the spirit that pervades the Anti-slavery *People* of the entire country—who will not, I think, allow themselves to be dragged at the chariot wheels of Boardship and *Semi-moral* Corporation, to grace its triumphs.

Yours, for Free Meeting and the Spontaneous Press,

N. P. ROGERS.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread —
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 She sang "the Song of the Shirt !"

"Work ! work ! work !
 While the cock is crowing aloof !
 And work—work—work !
 Till the stars shine through the roof !
 It's oh ! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,

Where woman has never a soul to save,
If THIS is Christian work !

“ Work—work—work !
Till the brain begins to swim !
Work—work—work !
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream !

“ Oh ! men with sisters dear !
Oh ! men with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you’re wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A SROUD as well as a shirt !

“ But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone ;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fast I keep :
Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

“ Work—work—work !
My labor never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags :
A shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

“ Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime ;
Work—work—work !

As prisoners work, for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand!

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light:
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright:
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet:
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart—
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sung this "Song of the Shirt!"

RADICALISM.

Simply speaking, radicalism is that which goes to the root of things,—and is, therefore, necessary to all thorough reform or investigation. It is the opposite of superficial-ism. Without it no man ever attains to any thing great, morally or intellectually. It is the corner stone of all true reform, of all true character. He who is afraid of it is a coward, he who persecutes it is a bigot, he who despises it is a fool. I write now of radicalism in its simplest sense, and according to its literal meaning.

But there is a radicalism, so called, which is as great a nuisance as genuine radicalism is a virtue,—a radicalism which is as destitute of reason as it is of principle, and is as devoid of both as a hen is of teeth.

This radicalism is a loud talking, boastful, braggart sort of a thing, destitute of all religion, all reverence, all decency, all cleanliness, all refinement, all delicacy, all honesty, all honor, and all love—and is therefore repulsive to every person of the least elevation of soul, and is in harmony only with beasts and reptiles. Its principles are “loaves,” and its priests are “loafers.” It has a filthy mouth, and a filthy taste—and outwardly and inwardly is full of all uncleanness. It is a combination of envy, jealousy, prejudice, ignorance, sensualism, brutality, indolence, and spleen. It hates every thing better than itself, and therefore has no need of social affection,—which principle, indeed, has no part in its composition. It is full of partiality and of hypocrisy, and to the one idea, or fragment of an idea, to which it clings most tenaciously, is willing to sacrifice the whole decalogue, and all who have any respect for it. It has volumes to say about elevating the people, while by its every hour’s example it is leading them into the deepest degradation. It is fond of the lowest and most disgusting amusements,—and turns up its nose at any thing polished or elegant with an instinct worthy of its parent sty. Under its auspices rowdyism flourishes like a bed of weeds,—and gross-

ness, vulgarity, and bad manners find in it their most vigorous nourishment. In fact,—to use a comparison somewhat in keeping with the subject,—it serves as manure to every low and degrading vice in the community.

I devote a little space to the exposure of this sort of radicalism, because it is stupidly, and somewhat viciously, confounded with that true and wholesome radicalism which is the vital energy of every progressive soul,—and because it frequently rears up its hideous front in the reform field,—and, by its loud braying, forces to itself a large degree of attention, and passes itself off upon ignorant and short-sighted people, as the head and front of the radical movement.

This false radicalism is as destitute of the spirit of reform, as a hyena is of love, or as carrion is of sweetness. Wherever it sees cleanliness, and refinement, and beauty,—or discovers any attempt to realize them,—it sees a mark for its coarse ridicule and its nauseous criticism. Whoever will not be “hail fellow! well met!” with it, is looked upon as a tyrant or an aristocrat,—while the man whose natural distaste for the filthy and obscene leads him to shun it as he would a pestilence—is pounced upon forthwith as an enemy of the dear people. A clean shirt is enough to excite its wrath at any time,—and the slightest polish on the boot will set it raving in an instant. It hates water like the mad dog which is its appropriate type and emblem;—and for pure air and the fragrance of green fields, has a democratic contempt which is nourished to its fullest extent on tobacco smoke and snuff. Its raiment is the filth which is constantly generating from its unwashed skin; its vernacular, impertinence and brutality; its home, the heart of the lazy and licentious.

I have thus given a tame and insufficient picture of a type of radicalism whose brawls and broils are becoming daily more frequent,—and whose character ought long since to have been sketched by a more bold and glowing pencil. And yet, faint as is my representation, infinitely short as it is of what might be truly said, I am certain the picture will be quickly recognized by all except the imbruted and blear-eyed original.

A few words more and I have done. This radicalism which I have been exposing to public view, will, without doubt, be frequently found complaining of real evils, and advocating substantial truths—just as the Devil is said at times to be a preacher of scripture. It will come, too, frequently, with a fair sounding name,—such as the “Hard Handed Reformer,” “the Friend of the People,” “the Democrat,” &c. &c. But any one with half an eye, and that but half open, must see at a glance that a thing so utterly deficient in all the elements of true greatness, can never do any thing for the human race, which the human race would not be infinitely better without.

IT IS LITTLE.

FROM THOMAS N. TALFOURD'S “ION.”

It is little :

But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall
Like choicest music ; fill the glazed eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again ;
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

REVIVALS.

There is a very general complaint among the American churches that there are no "*revivals*." The "showers of grace" which of old used now and then to deluge the sectarian fields, seem to be withheld, and a general drouth prevails throughout the land. This complaint is made in sadness and sincerity by some—and in cant and hypocrisy by others. But whatever the motives of those who make it, it is remarkably true. Until the last few years, nearly every town and city in the land was subject to the periodical visitation of these sectarian agitations. Day after day, and night after night, the deluded multitudes would gather together in their houses of worship, and enact their religious tragedies, in the most solemn and imposing manner which priestly ingenuity and monkish superstition could invent. In the great name of Christ—that serene and truthful spirit—and in the name of his cheerful and invigorating faith, the poor deluded people were engaged in the most noisy and disgusting performances, by which, annually, hundreds and thousands were hurried into premature graves, or the darker confines of hopeless insanity. Cunning men were trained in Sunday schools, and theological seminaries, and clerical studies, to conduct the machinery necessary to get up and manage a religious "revival"—and fearful indeed was the mastery which they attained over the human passions. Language is incompetent to give the remotest idea of the influence which these people exerted over their simple and unsuspecting victims. And the means used were as unnatural and gross, as the proposed end. The most solemn and unearthly countenances were *cultivated* by the priests and their lay-colleagues with as much care and skill as a modern beau cultivates his whiskers, or a modern belle her bishop. The tone of voice was also artfully studied,—until it reached the most gloomy and sepulchral pitch; and the eyes were subjected to a sort of ecclesiastical drill in horrible keeping with the rest of these foolish and

inhuman "exercises." And this ridiculous farce was daily and hourly rehearsed for the purpose of saving souls! Yes, men would lift up their disfigured faces to "heaven," and in the most dismal tones drawl out stupid and unmeaning prayers and exhortations by the hour together,—frightening the weak and witless out of all sense of propriety, and "making a nuisance of the blessed air" by their hideous noises—and call it all *Christianity*! And many of them were honest in it—and really believed that such religious hubbubs were just what Christ delighted in. The priests, as a general thing, knew better,—but getting up and bringing out these nocturnal tragedies was their profession,—and so they followed it,—just as hangmen and butchers follow theirs.

Thanks to the healthful and invigorating reforms of the day such "fantastic tricks" are not likely to profane "High Heaven" again for the present. The priests are attempting to revive them, but it cannot be done. I know they are necessary to the existence and power of the priesthood, but this won't alter the matter,—for *both* must go.

To those true souls who love their race, and who really long for a revival of Christianity, I would say:—this nation is in the midst of such a revival, and its indications are all about us. The great Washingtonian movement is a Christian revival by which hundreds and thousands have been born again, and "born of *water*." The Anti-Slavery agitation, which seems to have grasped this nation by either pole and shaken it to its centre, is a Christian revival, as many an enfranchised spirit will bear cheerful testimony. The non-resistance cause,—who does not know that it has revived the ancient spirit of Christ in many a noble and devoted heart? The moral-reform friends,—what but a revival of the purest faith is growing up daily beneath their despised but indefatigable labors? In fine what do the reform meetings, which are going on throughout the vast extent of this country, in behalf of sin-ridden and church-ridden Humanity, show, but that a healthful revival of genuine Christian truth is in the "full tide of successful experiment?" True the church and her pampered

priesthood do not engage to any extent in this revival. But what does this show? That it is not a *Christian* revival? Not a whit of it, but the exact contrary; for from time immemorial the church and the priesthood have ridden rough-shod over the interests of humanity—esteeming that their divine prerogative. And the people are getting to understand this. Why, just think of it.—One of the greatest “revivals” which ever blessed the earth, is going on just now in this country (I allude to the great temperance revival) and the mass of the clergy know no more about it, and care no more about it, than so many lamp-posts. I say wrong. They do know about it, and care about it—for it is interfering with their “craft,”—indeed, actually destroying it—and they are in perfect agony.

This great national revival to which I have alluded, is fast spreading over the earth—and no priest nor politician can arrest its progress. Let every true man and woman avail themselves of the “refreshing season,” and improve the present hour to do something for humanity.—Every one can do something, the humblest most. It is not a revival of “principalities and powers,” but of the simple truth as manifested in the ordinary duties of every day life, and so the most gentle spirit is best qualified for its service. It has none of the “pomp and circumstance” of state or sect affairs. It does not come “with observation.” But the “revival” of which I speak is a strong, steady, under-current of sound thought and feeling, swaying the universe with its mighty tide, and yet as quiet as the falling of the dew or the upspringing of the grass.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

" Why, William, on that old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away ?

Where are your books ?—that light bequeathed
To beings else forlorn and blind !
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your mother earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you ;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you ! "

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply : —

" The eye, — it cannot choose but see ;
We cannot bid the ear be still ;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against, or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress ;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of thought forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking ?

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Up ! up ! my Friend, and quit your books ;
Or surely you'll grow double :
Up ! up ! my Friend, and clear your looks ;
Why all this toil and trouble ?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshning lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife :
Come, hear the woodland Linnet,
How sweet his music ! on my life
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark ! how blithe the Throstle sings !
He, too, is no mean preacher :
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless, —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things,
—We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
Close up those barren leaves ;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

SIMON AND HIS FAMILY.

A SIMPLE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

On the western shore of the beautiful lake of Gennesareth, just on the border of Capernaum, there lived a poor fisherman and his family. His name was Simon. He was a simple-hearted man and loved the truth. Ruth, his wife, was also known and loved for her purity of character. They lived happily together, and enjoyed to the full the blessings of their lot. They had a large family, and they were very poor, and yet they looked upon their lot as a very pleasant one.

They lived in a low hut, with but two apartments. This hut, like most of the poor houses in the East—was composed of mud, reeds, rushes, &c. Their principal food was fish, parched corn, and dates. Their clothing was of the simplest kind, consisting only of a thin linen vest, and a coarse woollen cloak or “tunic.” They could not afford even the common sandals, which are simply a pair of soles with a few straps to bind them to the feet. Stockings are never worn in the East.

Besides the common expenses of the family, they had to be very hospitable, and entertain many guests. But they did this very cheerfully. And yet, at the time they lived—in the time of Christ—the demands upon their hospitality were very great. I said they lived near Capernaum. Here it was that our Saviour resided during the principal part of his ministry; and here, therefore, were constantly many strangers. But how, you will ask, could they commodore strangers, if they had but two rooms? They slept, as is common in the East, on the tops of their houses, which always have flat roofs; and ate their frugal repasts under the shady palm tree.

The children of this family were not much different from most children. Some were light hearted and thoughtless; others (the older ones) were more serious and wise. But at the present time, alike the old and the young, the grave and the gay, talked

much of the time on one subject, and that was, (as you may suppose,) the appearance of Jesus.

Let me relate a few incidents of this family, that you may have some idea of the prevailing feeling at that time in Capernaum.

As Simon and his wife were reclining on the grass one evening, eating their frugal meal, their oldest child, Rebecca, came running up to them and exclaimed :—" Mine eyes hath been confounded and my understanding hath been shaken."

Every eye was fixed upon her expressive countenance, as she stood, the picture of amazement, and uttered these words.

" Daughter," said Simon, " my beloved daughter, what has greeted thine eyes, and how hath thy mind been disturbed ? "

Rebecca paused for a moment to collect her scattered thoughts, and then said :—" Hearken and I will tell you. As I was walking hither, quietly meditating upon the Great Teacher, I heard a loud murmuring as of many voices. I raised my eyes, and behold, a great multitude of people were gathered together about a house near by. Their eyes were all raised to the terrace.— And I looked, and lo ! four men were on it, uncovering the roof, while near them, stretched on a bed, was an emaciated man. And I waited and saw the four men lower the bed into the house through the hole they had made. I knew by the crowd the Teacher was there, and the people round about told me that as no one could get in by the door, they proceeded straightway to lower this man down through the roof, to see if peradventure the Teacher might heal him. And I waited, and lo ! presently, he that was sick, came forth, with his bed in his arms, crying out with a loud voice :—" Blessed be God and his holy Teacher, for how could he do these wonderful works, if God were not with him." And all the people were amazed and cried out :—" We never saw it in this fashion."

" Truly," exclaimed Simon, as his daughter had finished her narrative, " truly thou may'st be astonished. I will go and see this wonderful man, and know of him whether he be of God or no."

And he went forth in search of the Messiah. When he had gone, Rebecca and her mother began to converse about these wonderful things.

"Surely," said Rebecca, "this man must be from God: he must be the long expected Messiah."

"No," replied her mother, "no, it cannot be. He will appear in great splendor in the temple of Jerusalem. He will not be cradled in a manger."

"Mother," interrupted John, a little boy about eight years old, "mother, didn't father say that the Messiah would be a soldier, and that he would kill the wicked Romans?"

"Yes, my child, we expect him to come to lead our armies, and be our king, and restore us to power, and grandeur, and glory, and he will be hailed by our Scribes, and great men; but as for this man, he is only followed by poor fishermen like your father."

"But," said Rebecca, "how could he heal the sick if God were not with him?"

"He must be a cheat!" said John.

Thus they talked about Jesus, when he first appeared to them. They expected a great king. The children wanted to see a fine soldier. They thought,—the children and their parents,—that he would come in robes of purple and gold; that he would have nothing to do with poor fishermen's families; and that he would live in magnificence, and have splendid carriages, and horses, and all kinds of costly things. They thought, too, that he would dwell only with the rich and learned.

But what has become of Simon? He went out to find this man who called himself the Saviour. Did he find him?

Yes, and when he returned to his home fell on the grass and exclaimed:—"Have mercy on me, Oh God, for I am in trouble."

Rebecca threw herself upon his face and asked him whence came his grief.

When he had recovered himself, he said:—"My hopes are all blasted. My heart is grieved for my people; for we looked for a

Saviour, and lo there cometh a man full of strange things. For as I went out by the house of Levi, I saw the Teacher reclining at his table; and I went in and behold he was at meat with Publicans and sinners.”—And here the afflicted Simon wept aloud, while his daughter Rebecca bent over him and wiped the tears from his eyes with her hair.

Simon had been taught, and he had taught his children, to hold no communion with publicans,—and here was a man, pretending to be the Messiah, actually eating and drinking with them.

After a short time, Benjamin (the youngest son) broke the silence and said:—“Father, why is it wrong for me to play with Samuel, the little publican, as you call him?”

“Because, my son, the Publicans collect the taxes which the wicked Romans make us pay,—and it is wrong to have anything to do with them.”

Benjamin could say nothing in reply to his father at first, but presently he timidly asked:—“Is n’t Samuel’s father a good man? He looks as if he were. He is always kind to his wife and children, and they are all good to his poor old mother. I have seen him do many good deeds. And I am sure, father, that Samuel is one of the best boys in the world, though I never played with him because you told me not to play with any Publican’s children.”

Simon replied that he did n’t care how good they seemed. They were Publicans and that was enough!—but he turned to his wife and said:—“Ruth, I wonder if the Teacher reasons about the Publicans like our little boy!”

“You know,” interrupted Rebecca, “that he told your brother Andrew that if he would enter into the kingdom of Heaven, he must become like a little child. Perhaps, now, he meant that he must become as unprejudiced, as simple-hearted as my little brother. Now, you see, brother only thinks about the goodness of the Publican, and the Publican’s son; and if they are good, he don’t see why he should n’t play with them.”

* * * * *

Such conversation as this took place every day. Simon, and Ruth, and Rebecca, went often to hear the Teacher; for they wanted to know if he was indeed and in truth the Son of God. And, before long, the more they heard, the more they wanted to hear. He preached differently from their priests. "He preached as one having authority, and not as the Scribes," and they said to themselves:—"Never man spake like this man." They soon became believers. The children all loved Jesus, because he was kind to them. He took them up in his arms and blessed them. They knew that he loved them. And when he saw them engaged in their innocent recreations, and heard their pleasant voices, he did not check them and shroud their faces with gloom, but he commended their simplicity; and when preaching to men and women who were full of deception, who thought that religion consisted in long faces and outward observances, he pointed them to the beauty of childhood, and told them *that* must be their model if they would enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

Let me relate an incident to show how the children of that day acted.

The child of a Publican, a Roman Tax-gatherer, was walking in one of the streets of Capernaum, on his way home with a basket of fish. He was anxious to get home, for it was growing late. But as he went along, a little boy ran against him, threw him down and scattered all his fishes on the ground. The careless boy, instead of stopping to see if the lad was hurt, and instead of offering to pick up the fishes he had spilt, said to him:—"If you were not the son of a Publican, I should be sorry, but now I am glad; you must now get along how you can, you young tax-gatherer." The little Publican, whose arm was hurt in the fall, had his feelings much more hurt by such unkindness. But he wiped the tears from his eyes and commenced to fill his basket.

Just then a little lad came along and assisted him, and when the fishes were all in the basket, he helped him carry them home. The unfortunate boy was so happy at this unexpected kindness that he forgot that his arm was hurt. When he got home, he

told his father the whole story, and he thanked the little Christian for helping his son.

"And why," said he, "did you so gladly help my little boy? You know most every Jew despises a Publican, and will do nothing for him."

"Because," said the good boy, "because when the Saviour was in my father's house, he called me to his side and put his hand on my head, and when he had blessed me, he said if I would be his disciple and the child of God, I must do unto others as I would have others do unto me.—Now if I should be knocked down, I should be grateful to any one who would lend me a helping hand, and that's why I helped your son."

"And what is your name?"

"My name is John, the son of Simon the Christian."

Under such influences, Simon, Ruth, and all their family, became good Christians, and after Jesus died, always celebrated the anniversary of his birth with grateful hearts.

THE TIMES, THE MANNERS, AND THE MEN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The times demand new measures and new men ;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' days were best ;
And doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
We cannot bring Utopia at once ;
But better almost be at work in sin,
Than in a brute inaction drowse and sleep.
No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him ; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will ;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil !
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set.

Until occasion tells him what to do ;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds.
Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other, with outstretched arms,
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.
The field lies wide before us where to reap
The easy harvest of a deathless name,
Though with no better sickles than our swords.
My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where out-worn creeds like Rome's gray Senate quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change ;
Then let it come. I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind.
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change is fitted to the hour ;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain ; there is more force in names
Than most men dream of ! and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair seeming name ;
Let us call tyrants, TYRANTS, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by his grace must fall ;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

NEW ORLEANS.

(This and the succeeding sketch were written in 1842 for the *Nantucket Inquirer*, edited at that time by my gifted friend Hiram B. Dennis. They contain several passages which do not chime with my present thoughts; but thinking that as a whole they might serve to give "variety," if not "spice," to my rather sombre volume, and break up its wearisome mono-tone, I have thought it expedient to give them a place.)

MR. EDITOR:—New Orleans is a place. It reminds you of no other in the wide world. Such a heterogeneous mass of men and women, of bricks and mortar, of sunshine, moonshine, and shade, you never saw. Talk of New York with its splendid nothings; its mixed up population; its curious amalgamations of black, white, grizzle, and grey; its Wall streets and wall flowers; its Broadways leading to destruction, and its narrow ways leading everywhere:—talk of Philadelphia with its grave people, and grave-yards; its brotherly love and sisterly lovers; its regular angles and irregular anglers; its neat people and neat cattle; its uniform streets and multi-form manners:—talk of Boston, the Emporium of letters and writers; its Tri-mont and Tremont; its Washington street and Washington Societies:—talk even of Nantucket, with its bar and bar-gains; its sires and Siasconset; its camels and candles; its pretty girls—but stop, they may not be rivalled:—talk of all these villages, of their charms and charm-ers!—Good sir, who talks of them, save in dreams, has never seen New Orleans! Here truly is life; and if variety be the spice of life, New Orleans is all-spice.

Here we have the glittering French; the haughty Spanish; the shrewd Yankee; the proud Creole; the musical Italian; the simple Swiss; the sturdy German; the solid Dutchman; the Buck and Buck-eye; Hoosiers and Back-woods-men;—all jumbled together, so that they out-babel Babel, and (with the assistance of the Jews) present a piece of Mosaic—all set, by the way, in *black*—which would astonish you.

Come with me down to the "Levee." How quickly you ask:—

"how, are you not frightened to have that impetuous and dirty-looking river, running by you, with the full consciousness that it may, in a moment, break down that barrier of mud and pork, and make your whole people a 'floating population'?" No, friends, that river is our best friend. We repose on her bosom in perfect security. Her banks will not break. There is no tide in *her* affairs which we fear. We are her favorite daughter. Her baptism gave us life. And, in these hardest of times, her waters will be our salvation.

Amazed with the sight, you will ask:—"whence and whither that myriad of boats, puffing and snorting as if impatient to break from the shores?" Faith, it would take long to answer you: they come from every stream of navigable water above us, and around us, for thousands of miles, and never come empty-handed, nor empty-headed.

See the cords of produce piled up around you. Hear the old planks groan and fret beneath the weight of wealth heaped upon them; hark to the merry chorus of a thousand voices, of every tone and tenor, which from "orient day's uprising" to the setting of the sun, peal forth their song of industry: see and hear all this, and tell me, did you ever know what business life was, before? But let us leave this noisy place.

Come with me, and look at yon lofty palace, with its noble columns which seem as if they were proud of their burden. Look at that lofty dome, so beautiful that to gaze upon it

"The morning hastes to ope its lids."

Mark its harmonious proportions! See how its spacious windows are festooned

"With damask rich, and snowy white,
To mellow mid-day's dazzling light."

And now pass with me through its massive doors;—and after you have examined its splendid apartments, tell me where have you seen the equal of the ST. CHARLES HOTEL in architectural beauty, and elegant arrangement?

But let us drop the curtain on these scenes, and stroll down in the "Lower Faubourg"—the French section of the city. Here a new view opens upon you. What think you of those one-and-a-half-story cottages,—(almost the only kind in this section of the city,)—with their well-scoured sidewalks, their shining stoops, their projecting eaves, their tiled roofs? And, above all, how like you, this sunny afternoon, the looks of those happy children playing about the little garden plots, with their mammas and grand-mammas? How does it suit your taste to see those young Creole belles, sitting by the door-way or the window, chattering away like parrots, and "coining the air into sweet sounds," with their merry laugh? If you understand French—that most sparkling of all tongues, for colloquy—your sides will shake with laughter, and your face will glow with joy, as you admire their quick repartee, and their brilliant wit.

See that old man—and it is a common sight—whose head is "white for the harvest," and on whose countenance are writ the joys and sorrows of four score years. See how brisk he is in his old age! Hear that joke trembling on his lips, and see the light play upon his countenance, reflected from his children and grandchildren. Note too, how tastefully those Mesdames and Mademoiselles are dressed. How carefully their hair is combed off from their lofty brows, and with what exquisite neatness it is arranged! Observe that snowy hand, that tiny foot, that beautifully chiselled ankle; and remember, that you may tell the belles of the North, how each item of dress, from the delicate hair-pin down to the shoe-latchet, is so arranged as best to display the beauties of Nature. What regular and beautiful teeth! What sparkling eyes! What exquisite *naivete* of address! But let us move along;—you are observing too closely! And yet, stay one moment. Mark you those colored children?—those "carbonated white ones?" Are you not surprised to see how all the people love them, and how pleasantly they are allowed to mix up with their little "mammas and missesses?"—See that little negro dance!—she is music and motion from head to foot. Here comes

an Organ Grinder. Look! they are beckoning to him! Now for some fun! Ha, ha, ha!—See the children flock round him! The poor fellow has hardly elbow room. He is a popular man in New Orleans,—the Organ Grinder. You will think so, if you stop a moment. What a crowd is gathered about him! How he grinds the music, to order. You may not think so, but that is “Home, sweet home!” he is playing now! How *crank* it sounds!—and yet they love it—those children. See the negroes out yonder,—two squares distant;—they are beating time with every limb and feature.—Hark! the music is stopped, and there goes round a monkey, dressed in uniform, with a hat in one hand, politely receiving “de monies,” while with the other he is as busy as Gen. Jackson or his friend Jack Downing, bowing to the assembled wisdom. He soon reaps a silver harvest for the silvery notes of his master, and now we shall have four or five *last* pieces, to the tune of which we will march off. As it is sundown, let us go towards home. On the way we will stop at the two Exchanges.

That magnificent building, yonder, is the ST. LOUIS EXCHANGE, one of the most expensive buildings in the country;—it cost about \$1,500,000. Come in with me. What a splendid rotunda!—How beautifully the walls are frescoed! How the watchful echoes wake, and tell all your secrets, as you promenade its tessellated floor! Those splendid desks around you belong to auctioneers! Hear that brazen-tongued fellow sell. He’s got a voice like Stentor! But no—let us *not* hear him, he is selling men and women: that grates on our ears; it will spoil our day’s amusement. We will go and hear that, some “more convenient season.”

Do you see that bar? How temptingly the liquors are spread out there! With what taste are those instruments of death arranged! How this *Armory of the Devil* sparkles! How its insidious weapons shine! See those delicate sandwiches; that snow-white bread; those little cakes; those tempting sardines; those cigars; *they* almost tempt me to stop. We must admit one thing; these Epicurean rogues do things up tastefully—and do it

openly. Nothing is done *sub rosa* as you used to say in *College*, or "under the rose," as I used to say in the *Coffin School*. But before you go, admit that the New York Exchange (if you have ever seen it,) will *do*, but that the St. Louis is *the* Exchange, after all.

Now we'll adjourn to the American Exchange: for I should have told you (as you might have learned from the alternate bad French and worse English of that auctioneer,) that the St. Louis Exchange is the result of French, or rather *Creole*, enterprise. The American Exchange (called "the Merchants'") is Yankee; a solid building, but not showy. This, however, is no mean affair, and cost \$500,000. Do you ask why there is such a crowd here?" It is 'change hour. "What, high 'change at 7 o'clock P. M.?" Certainly. Our merchants prefer the cool of the day for their Exchange hour. The sea-captains are on hand, then, to negotiate for freights, You observe this fine rotunda is filled, almost, with sea captains. They do all their business, in the way of freight-getting, here. See those ship-brokers preying round them like sharks! See that cunning fellow put the soft-sodder into that raw-looking down-east captain! But it won't do. He is not so raw as he looks. With one word of his Yankee logic he tears to pieces the whole fabric of fine words whispered into his ear, and says:—"I must have a ha'penny more or I don't trade."

But as you are getting tired of sight-seeing, let's go home to supper, and in the morning, bright and early, I'll go with you to our Cathedral and Markets.

NEW ORLEANS.—NO. 2.

WRITTEN FOR THE "NANTUCKET INQUIRER."

MR. EDITOR:—I promised to take you to the Cathedral this morning. Let us go there before the tramp of "many footed care" is heard in our streets.

The morning is bright and clear, and the serene voices of Nature will go with us to the house of worship, chastening our desires and tempering our passions. The matin bells ringing out their welcome, and the music of happy birds breathing out their unconscious worship, will awake the harmonies of our soul: while the incense of our hearts shall go up with the fragrance of the flowers as a thank-offering to Heaven.

We can easily find the venerable Cathedral, not only by its ancient towers—which loom up among the surrounding buildings, like the hoary head of an old man in a crowd of children—but by following the happy groups which, even now, are wending their way thitherward. You observe each group is a family. Let us examine one of them.

First, see those impatient children; hand in hand, heart in heart, fresh as the morning, tripping gaily along, with but a dim idea of the purpose of their walk, but yet with a sort of consciousness that it is good for them to be here, and that they are soon to tread on holy ground. Now mark those young misses and masters, who are just budding into womanhood and manhood, who walk soberly along, yet with cheerful faces and light step, feeling that they are engaged in their holiest duty, and whose religion is a bright and happy thing, because it is wreathed all round with the sweet associations of home. In them the flame of devotion (or superstition) burns with a cheerful light, because it was kindled at the family altar, and is fanned by the breath of parental love.—Then come the parents of the children, their countenances glowing with family pride, though shaded by the memory of some who have gone to worship in "temples not made with

hands."—Last, though not least, come the old folks, the grandsires and grandames—who for three score years, maybe, punctual as the sun, have walked in the same path; and the greenest spot in whose minds is the memory of the happy hours spent with their family around the altar. With them religion has been twined with every family association, and is the ground work of the family picture.

Now this group, my friend, is but one of many who are this moment wending their way to the house of prayer, to bathe their spirits at the "Holy Font" and consecrate themselves anew to duty and to God.—But hold! Here we are, in front of the Cathedral! Let us step aside and let the crowd enter. Observe with what reverence they approach! See that old man uncover his head before yet he has entered the portals: and mark how every head is uncovered ere it passes the threshold. Now stand aside a little for those colored men and women. They have been to the market for their "daily bread," and now they are here to thank the Giver. See them lay down their baskets, and join the congregation. Here is no distinction of color!—Black and white mix freely together, to worship the common Father. They all dip in the same font, kiss the same crucifix, kneel by the same altar. Side by side, the rich and the poor, the master and the slave, humble themselves together, and stand on the common platform of humanity. Here are no negro pews—no dividing lines. The wall of prejudice is broken down, the wide gulf which separates man from his brother is absorbed by the Sun of Righteousness. Mark you, too, within these walls is no levity, no indifference. Call it superstition, if you will; smile, if you must, at my credulity; but I tell you that the dove of God rests upon this temple, and that the incense of these humble hearts is sweet as the breath of the flowers. That image, before which they bow and cross themselves, is a symbol of the Great Spirit to them; that water is to them the water of life; that consecrated wafer the seal of their heart. That chant may not be plain to you, but to them it is like the "music of the spheres." Those priestly

forms may seem mockery to you—but they are sacred realities to them. Those words may wake no echo in your breast, but they play upon their chords, as if the “harp of thousand strings” had been touched by the finger of heaven. Those beautiful paintings, those holy scenes with which the walls are decorated, may be unmeaning to you, but to those who come up hither to worship, they shine with the light of heaven. These ancient walls are written all over with holy lessons, which the eye of faith only can read. Within these walls the imagination is enlisted in the cause of religion, and paints every holy thing with the roseate hues of beauty. Here is nothing stern—nothing repulsive. The dry bones of theology are not hung up, *in terrorem*, over the heads of this congregation. On this ground are fought no religious duels. No skeleton of a creed is displayed here as a substitute for the “body of Christ.”—I know the Catholic theology and its theoretic harshness—but it does not intrude itself within the walls of the church; it sleeps in ponderous tomes, which dare not open their lids within this temple. But hold;—I am departing from my plan, which is not to moralize, but to describe. And as the service is now over, let us go out, and while the worshippers go to their homes, let us tarry and gaze upon this venerable pile.

How ancient it looks! It was built—I don’t know when—before either you or I were, a long time. See, it is gray with age. How wrinkled its old face! See what inroads Time has made upon its sides. The old bell does not speak as it once did. Its voice is broken. But it is a stately pile yet. It has a portly bearing, and seems almost conscious of its worth. It looks like an old castle which having stood the brunt of many storms, had now become storm-proof. It does not seem to have grown any older these last ten years. Old Time has forgotten it, or has blunted his sickle against its walls. It seems as if Nature had “adopted it for her own,”

“And granted it an equal date
With Andes and the Aarrarat.”

Long may it stand. Long may its clustered aisles resound to the tread of humble worshippers. May the fire never go out upon its altars! But when its time has come, and "perpetual droppings have worn away the rock," when its arches shall have become straightened, and its towers shall have been laid low, when its "redless iron tongue" shall be no more redless, but shall be where "there is no variation, no shadow of turning;" when those who ministered at its altars have become ministering angels, may this temple, "so curiously and wonderfully made," have an abiding place in the hearts of the people, and the good lessons which were written on its walls, be transferred to the tables of the mind.

Every Saturday evening masses are offered in this Cathedral, for the soul of its founder, Don Andre—and accordingly on that evening the bell peals forth its mournful tones to recall his memory. It is a peculiarity of the old residents, the Creoles, of New Orleans, that they treasure up the memory of their religious benefactors with unflinching gratitude. The venerable Pere Antonio de Sedella, the Curate of the Parish for nearly fifty years, is universally remembered, and his lessons handed down from father to son, so that they are as familiar with many as household words. He was universally venerated for his benevolence, and was supposed, during his ministration, to have performed nearly half of the marriage and funeral services in New Orleans. He died at the ripe age of 90, A. D., 1837. His remains lie at the foot of the altar, and I doubt not his memory will be kept green for many years to come. This memory of benefactors, especially religious benefactors, is a beautiful trait in Catholic families, and one which should "cover a multitude of sins."

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The Rev. GEORGE HERBERT, in one of his walks to Salisbury, to join a musical society, saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that had fallen under his load. Putting off his canonical coat, he helped him to unload, and afterwards to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man. And so like was he to the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, at the same time admonishing him, that "if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast." So, leaving the poor man, and coming unto his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder, that Mr. George Herbert, who always used to be so trim and clean, should come into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the reason, and one of them said to him, "he had disparaged himself by so mean an employment," his answer was, that "he thought what he had done would prove *music to him at midnight*, and that the omission of it would have made discord in his conscience, whenever he should pass by that place. For if," said he, "I am bound to *pray* for all who are in distress, I am surely bound, as far as it is in my power, to *practice* what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the occasion every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life, without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I bless God for this opportunity. So, now let us tune our instruments."

What maketh music, when the bird
Doth hush its merry lay,
And the sweet spirit of the flowers
Hath sighed itself away?
What maketh music, when the frost
Doth chain the murmuring rill,
And every song that summer woke
In winter's trance is still?

What maketh music, when the winds
To hoarse encounter rise,
When ocean strikes his thunder-gong,
And the rent cloud replies?
When no adventurous planet dares
The midnight arch to deck,
And in its startling dream the babe
Doth clasp its mother's neck?

And when the fiercer storms of life
Do o'er the pilgrim sweep,
And earthquake voices claim the hopes
He treasured long and deep,

When loud and threatening passions roar,
Like lions in their den,
And vengeful tempests lash the shore,—
What maketh music then ?

The deed to humble virtue born,
Which nursing memory taught
To shun the boastful world's applause,
And love the lowly thought—
This builds a cell within the heart,
Amid the weeds of care,
And tuning high its heaven-strung harp,
Doth make sweet music there.

REST.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

I thank ye, oh ye ever noiseless stars !
That ye do move so silent, in your high
Eternal marches through the voiceless sky.
When Earth's loud clamor on the spirit jars,
—The captive's groans, the victor's loud huzzas,
And the worn toiler's deep'ning hunger cry,—
Then from your height ye gaze so placidly,
That the low cares whose fretful breathing scars
Life's holy deeps, shrink back abashed before
The love-sad meekness of your still rebuke,
And the calmed soul forgets the earth-storm's roar
In the deep trust of your majestic look,
Till through the heart by warring passions torn,
Some pulse of your serener life is borne.

A SCRAP OP HISTORY.

Thirteen years ago there were in this great country about two and a half millions of chattel slaves. This was the great fact—the “fixed fact”—of its condition. Churches were springing up like mushrooms in every section of the land, dedicated by the most imposing solemnities to the worship of “God:” hundreds and thousands of young men were leaving all secular employments, and consecrating themselves to the preaching of the “Gospel:” revivals were taking place in every city and town: the people were flocking like sheep into the “fold:” Bible Societies, Tract Societies, Missionary Societies, Sunday School Societies, and innumerable minor organizations for “religious” purposes, were multiplying in every direction: the precise cost of seeking out and saving every soul in the known world (barring the afore-said two and a half millions,) was calculated by evangelical mathematicians to a picayune: there was not a man, woman, or child, in the country, (the two and a half millions again excepted,) who had not the sweet consciousness that at least a dozen persons of undoubted orthodoxy felt a lively interest in the eternal welfare of his (or her) “soul:” and there was scarcely a child but what knew the Westminster (or some other) Catechism by rote, and could prove to a demonstration that every one who didn’t believe its thirty-nine, (or what not) mysterious articles, would be eternally damned. Indeed the evangelical precocity of this nation was the theme of all evangelical lips, and the joy of all evangelical hearts. Prayers went up every morning and evening, thanking God that this nation was not as other nations were,—and the United States were looked upon as foreordained of God to furnish a hitherto benighted world with the model of a “Christian Republic!”—“A CHRISTIAN REPUBLIC!”—these were the magic words;—and it was delightful to see how zealously “Young America” worked to fulfil her high destiny among the nations, by seeking

to convert all others to her own great, glorious, and successful principles !

When on the "Lord's day,"—they always allowed him *one* !—the busy hum of industry suddenly ceased, and all useful employments were piously suspended,—and the whole people, laying aside their every-day dresses, their every-day conversation, their every-day countenances, and their every-day gait,—proceeded in solemn crowds to the "house of God," headed by their priests, who were distinguished from the rest by costliness of dress and longitude of features ;—and when, "filled with solemn awe," the pious crowds entered their respective tabernacles, and seated themselves within the consecrated walls in the order of their wealth, (the rich in the best seats, the poor in the worst, according to the injunction of Jesus !) and when they all listened with devout patience to their spiritual leaders, whose hollow tones indicated so plainly that they were "not of this earth ;" and when, added to all this, the little children were as solemn, and as unearthly, as the most practised of their parents,—I say, when all this, and much more, took place once in every seven days, to the entire exclusion of all useful employments, it was thought that the Spirits of Heaven must rejoice in their high spheres, and the Recording Angel drop his pen in extasy of joy at the sight of such a "peculiar" people !

And yet all this while there were—this being a "peculiar" fact in this "Christian Republic"—two and a half millions of chattel slaves in our midst, and the number daily increasing,—yet no one voice among all this "*Christian*" people to call attention to the fact ! Indeed so great was the progress which the "Christians" of America had made in moral science, they had discovered in course of their brilliant career that chattel slavery was a "*BIBLE INSTITUTION*," and therefore in keeping with the precepts of Christ, and entitled to their vigorous support. Indeed it was whispered that Professor Stewart, or some other of the great "*divines*" of the country, had discovered an ancient manuscript giving another of Christ's mountain sermons, in which he proved to the aston-

ished people that to do unto others as we would they should do to us is in no way inconsistent with buying and selling them in the shambles. And also that a new "table" had been excavated by a recent traveller in the East, on which was written in characters unintelligible to anybody except the learned "divines" of this "Christian Republic:"—"A new commandment give I unto you—that you consign all persons of African descent to eternal slavery, you and your children, and your children's children to the latest generation." Whether this report is true or not, the afore-said "divines" gave countenance to it by their practice, which, with few exceptions, was to treat slavery with the same parental care which they extended to Missionary Societies, Sunday Schools, and other of their "Institutions."

All this thirteen years ago,—when American Piety and United States Godliness were at the flood. About that time, a young printer, in the obscure paths of life, conceived the idea, in his ignorance, that chattel slavery was an unmitigated evil,—and even went so far as to think it inconsistent with the precepts of Jesus Christ. And the more he thought of these things,—being a common sort of man, without any "advantages,"—the truer and more important they seemed to him, until at last he was compelled by the clamor of his convictions, to utter them. With this intent he published a little sheet called "*The Liberator*"—and (according to an unfortunate habit he had got into for want of a more thorough religious training) he spoke out his thoughts in plain ungarnished English, calling a man, a man—and a thief, a thief,—until he had, in an incredibly short time, woke up the whole nation, and his name was as familiar to every slave-holder in the land as his own. He had also, at the tap of his drum, drawn around him a few faithful followers, who proclaimed the great principles of freedom far and wide, and thus drew upon themselves the scorn and persecution of the whole community, especially that part of it (priests, deacons, elders, &c.) which professed the greatest devotion to the principles of Jesus Christ. The untiring fidelity of this class of persons to the defence and

support of slavery, and their bitter persecution of its opponents, entitles them to the affectionate remembrance of every tyrant on earth, and every devil in hell. But despite of persecutions, this young printer continued to put forth his intrepid sheet, which was more terrible to the South than an army with banners;—and its influence was soon felt, and its noble work seen, all over the country. The fatal calm into which the public conscience had subsided was broken up, and every heart not corroded by slavery itself, or stupified by the church, was touched with a sense of the slave's wrongs. Never did God—I do not speak now of the God of the church who is truly enough represented to be himself a slave-holder, but of the one God, *our Father*—advance a cause more speedily than that which was thus set on foot by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. Its history is but a succession of the most brilliant triumphs.

Commencing with a few despised and unlettered people, it has since had in its ranks some of the most brilliant scholars, orators, poets, and moralists of the land; as the names of Follen, Channing, Rogers, Phillips, Pierpont, Quincy, Whittier, Burleigh, Loring, Chapman, Brown, Child, Hildreth, Bradburn, Mott, Lowell, Weld, Emerson, Grimke, Stetson, and a whole host of other stars which have appeared in the Anti-Slavery firmament, abundantly attest.

Despised, at first, by every State in the Union, its influence is now courted in State affairs, and it is annually disgusted with the fawning suppliancy of both the great parties which divide (and devour) the country.

Hunted like a felon, a few years since, into “upper chambers,” and deserted stables,—and mobbed by five thousand of the most respectable and the highest standing people in Boston, who sought the life of its founder, and came near being successful in their murderous intent,—it now has the free use of the MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE, ay more, of her very

“Dome of thought and palace of the soul,”
old FANEUIL HALL itself.

Passed by, but yesterday, with scorn and contempt, by high and low, its Fairs are now crowded by the *élite* of the nation, and its intrinsic excellencies and brilliant achievements have secured for it that universal respect which must soon lead to universal support.

Barred out, at the commencement, of every church in the land, even that "Institution" (always the most malignant foe of human rights) is beginning to relax her persecutions,—and open her doors.

THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe !
A pickaxe, or a bill !
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what you will—
And here's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skill enough by lessons rough
In labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
To lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
Or plough the stubborn lea,
The harvest stack to bind,
The wheaten rick to thatch ;
And never fear in my pouch to find
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam ;
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of home ;
Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days,
Where starving children huddle and crouch
To see the cheerful rays

A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends a drought
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the corn—
To Him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,
To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
The market team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's dear—
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich,
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse,
To welter in the ditch,

Wherever nature needs,
Wherever labor calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse walls,
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,
With labor stiff and stark,
By lawful turn my living to earn,

Between the light and dark—
My daily bread and nightly bed,
My bacon and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer !

No parish money or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil,
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task :
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man,
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doomed by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and eat the lean
Instead of the fat of the earth ;
To make such humble meals
As honest labor can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man !

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe !
A pickaxe, or a bill !
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb—and wo to him
Who does their pay begrudge.

Who every weekly score
Docks labor's little mite,
Bestows on the poor at the temple-door,
But robbed them over-night.
The very shilling he hoped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
The spital or the gaol !

JESUS CHRIST.

The opponents of the reform movements of the present day, frequently quote Jesus Christ as being opposed to all violent agitations. They deny that he was an agitator, and commend to us his meek and gentle spirit. In this way they defend the quietness of religious professors and preachers in view of our dreadful national sins. The common people are everywhere made to believe Jesus Christ was opposed to these great moral excitements, and, therefore, that such men as Garrison, and Rogers, and Phillips, and Douglass, and Remond, in exposing with an unsparing hand the corruptions of church and state, are going in direct opposition to the example of the Saviour.

It is strange enough, when we consider the facts in the case, that this view should have obtained so widely. My attention was called to it, just now, by the following extract from a lecture recently delivered in New York, by Major Noah, on the "Restoration of the Jews":—

"The Jews were amazed, perplexed, and bewildered at all they saw and heard. They knew Jesus from his birth: he was their neighbor, they knew his father Joseph, and Mary his mother, his brothers, James and Judas; he was in constant intercourse with his brethren in their domestic relations, and surrounded by their household gods; they remembered him a boy, disputing, as was the custom, most learnedly with the doctors in the temple; as a man, pursuing, to the age of thirty, the modest and laborious calling of his profession; and yet he proclaimed himself the Son of God, and performed most wonderful miracles, was surrounded by a number of disciples, poor, but extraordinarily gifted men, who sustained his doctrines, and had an abiding faith in his mission; he gathered strength and followers as he progressed; he denounced the whole nation, and prophesied its destruction with their altars and temples; he preached against whole cities and proscribed their leaders with a force, which even at this day would shake our social systems. The Jews became alarmed at his increasing power and influence, and the Sanhedrim resolved to become his accuser, and bring him to trial under the law as laid down in the 13th of Deuteronomy."

Who does not perceive and appreciate the literal truthfulness

of this extract? Who does not know that in point of fact, Jesus Christ was the greatest agitator the world has ever seen? He was constantly uttering the most unpalatable sentiments, and administering the most unwelcome rebukes. He attacked the "peculiar institutions" of the Jews—especially their church and clergy, which was never half so corrupt as ours—with a pertinacity and a power which nearly drove them mad. The church and clergy, from his advent to his crucifixion, pursued him with the most relentless persecutions, and used all their immense influence over the people to excite them to the murderous deed which at last they committed. The politicians were equally infuriated, and determined from the first that that vile infidel, Jesus Christ, who was attacking their God-ordained institutions, should seal his wickedness with his blood. And their vile threats were put in execution. Yet, in face and eyes of these facts, it is constantly contended by our church and clergy, and by our laity in many instances, that Jesus was a quiet sort of a person, whose gentle nature would not allow him to disturb any of the existing institutions by which he was surrounded! And it is contended, furthermore, that if he were upon the earth now, he would not find it in his soul to bear witness against the political institutions of this country, though they hold in abject slavery over three millions of those whom he died to save! Nay, more. It is openly taught by a large majority of those who blasphemously call themselves his ministers, that if Jesus were here, he would not object to our joining, hand in hand and heart in heart, in political fellowship with men who declare that even he would be property, if our laws declared him so!

THE TOILERS.

ANONYMOUS.

"I saw a widow who was yet young—perhaps forty—but whose form, once fresh and healthful, had become exactly the reverse. It was now nothing but skin, sinews, bones, and no flesh. She had three sons to work in the mills, and although they toiled incessantly, they could scarcely earn enough to keep the fiends of famine from the door."—ENGLISH FACTORY REPORT.

Hark! 'tis the early bell—
Awake, my children, awake!
Oh! would to God another hour
The weary ones could take!
But no, it cannot be—
Morn brightens in the east,
And I must rouse the sleepers
From their unbroken rest.

Again the bell rings out
Upon the morning breeze—
And see the toilers rushing forth
Like startled human bees—
Like startled human bees, alas!
The honey of the hive
Is often wrung from human hearts
That wither as they strive.

Up, up, my sons, the lark
Is soaring to the sky—
Willie, my joyous little one,
Open your laughing eye!
Come kiss your loving mother,
Then whistle on your way—
Oh! that your father dear were here
To kiss you, too, to-day!

Away, away they speed,
To watch with faultless eye
Each spindle with its circling thread,
And every break supply—
To watch within yon upper grave

From dawn till welcome night,—
Grave for the bud and bloom of youth,
For all that makes life bright.

How rosy once was I !
How smooth my girlish brow !
Health gushed and glowed in every vein ;
Alas, what am I now ?
Kind fortune failed, and then
Death took our prop away—
Oh ! what a fearful blow was that !
How sorrow-fraught the day !

Five years I toiled with them,
And often cheered them on,
Rallied them when about to fall,
And smiled love's benison ;
But now the faded cheek—
The cough—the ceaseless pain—
I feel that life is ebbing fast,
And yet I ne'er complain.

Oh ! no, to Him alone
Whose quick ear from on high
Bends down to catch the widow's moan,
And hear the orphan's cry,
My silent prayer I pour,
My sorrow I reveal,
While—God forgive me for the wrong—
From them I all conceal.

They know not of the worm
That eats my life away—
They dream not that their mother
Is dying day by day.
I would not vainly darken
A lot already drear,
And pour despair upon their hopes
Ere life's green leaves are sere.

Oh God ! is it their doom,
From year to year the same,

To toil and toil thus wearily
To feed life's fitful flame?
And yet forgive me, Father,
For though to them 'tis given
Thus bitterly to earn their bread,
They will be thine in Heaven!

THE MEDALS.

A SIMPLE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"It's too bad that I did n't get a medal," said Caroline Francis to her mother, at the close of one examination day. "I am sure," said she, "I tried hard enough, and deserve one as much as MARY SMITH."

"But why did your friend Mary get one, then," said her mother, "and you not?"

"I do n't know,—but I suppose it was because I staid away from school one week, and so got a little behind hand; but I am as good as she is, any day, and the master knows it. I do n't care, tho', I'll never try to get another medal, as long as I live."

"But, Caroline," said her mother, "suppose you had the medal—should you be any better, should you know any more than you do now?"

"Why, no, mother," replied Caroline, "I should n't be any better, nor know any more, that I know of; but then, if I got the medal, other folks would give me the credit for my industry, and my name would be put in the paper, and a great many kind things would be said to me."

"Then it is n't simply the medal you want, but the praise of people; you wish folks should think you a good and smart girl! You do not wish learning that you may be wise, or virtue that you may be happy; but you desire them, that you may be praised. Is n't that it, Caroline?"

"Why no, mother, I love to improve my mind, because it will

make me useful; but if I get a medal, I know that I haven't studied in vain, for the 'committee' are satisfied that I have improved, and then I am encouraged and study harder and harder, and love my school more and more."

"But, Caroline," replied her mother, "you say you have studied hard all the past quarter, have been punctual and well-behaved at school, and yet you haven't a medal. Now will not your learning do you just as much good as if you had it, and everybody knew you had studied so faithfully?"

"Certainly, mother,—but then how much better one feels for having the praise of people!"

"Ah, that's it," said her mother, "that's it, it makes one feel proud, to be praised. Don't you recollect how you talked about **LYDIA FIELD**, last year, because she was so proud, 'put on such airs' as you said,—when she got a medal, and her friends were all praising her?"

"Yes mother, but I don't believe I should be so. At any rate I should like to try!"

"Well," said her mother, "I don't know how you would feel, if you had a medal—perhaps it would do you good—but I am afraid not. That kind of praise which makes people proud, is very dangerous. You should strive for the praise of your own conscience and of God; this will make you meek and humble. You should do your duty in school and at home, not because people will praise you, but because it is your duty. You should study, and improve your mind, because it is right, because it will make you better and happier, and not to get a medal; and then if you do not receive one, your own conscience,—"**THE VOICE OF GOD WITHIN YOU**,"—will tell you that you have done your duty, and if you have not the praise of men, you have won the favor of God. But I cannot stop to talk about it any more now. I wish you would remember what I have said to you. Do your duty faithfully at home and at school, and if you are not praised by others you will receive the approbation of your conscience. But stop a moment, I have an offer to make you.—If you do your

duty at home, as well as at school, faithfully, and are a good and obedient daughter this quarter, you shall have something more valuable than any medal, and which you will always prize as your life."

"What is it, mother?"

"No matter now, my child, you will know at the end of the quarter."

"Thank you, my dear mother," said Caroline, "How good you always are! Whenever I am in a complaining humor, you always make me good natured—but never before did you *hire* me to be good. I thought that was against your principles."

* * * * *

Caroline Francis was on many accounts a good girl. She was industrious, and generally obedient and good natured; but she was very jealous and envious.

Whenever any of her friends were noticed more than she, it made her peevish and ill-natured, and this is jealousy. And if she saw any one smarter or better dressed than she, it made her unhappy, and this is envy. These faults occasioned her mother and her friends much unhappiness. They saw they were injuring her character, and, unless early checked, would make her miserable. They labored hard to convince her of the wickedness of such feelings, and make her feel that she never could be good or happy while she indulged them.

Her teacher, too, had by precept and example endeavored to enforce upon her mind, the importance of conquering these enemies to her peace and happiness. But, hitherto, little had been accomplished. Indeed she seemed to grow more and more envious and jealous every day.

With this disposition, it was not strange that Caroline should feel so keenly her disappointment in not obtaining a medal. She seemed to live upon the praise of others. When this was withheld, she was ever unhappy.

She had no inward joy and satisfaction. No "well of living waters" in her own mind from which she could freely draw.

But let us now return to her.

When her conversation with her mother was finished, Caroline felt more at peace with herself. She was convinced for the moment, how foolish it was for her to allow her disappointment in not obtaining the medal to make her unhappy, and she retired that night full of good resolutions. She resolved to do her duty at home and at school, in a faithful manner, that so she might obtain that which her mother had told her she would prize higher than any medal.

The next morning she rose bright and early, and studied till breakfast time; for though it was "vacation," she was determined to devote some time, every day, to study.

She went down to breakfast with a pleasant countenance and a bright eye which seemed to say:—"all's well within!" and with unwonted cheerfulness, said:—"Good morning, mother! good morning, sis!"—and then seated herself with them at the table.

But a cloud soon passed over her serene countenance.

While they were at breakfast a knock was heard at the door. Caroline jumped quick and ran to the door, and presently came back, with a billet for her sister Charlotte. It was an invitation to go that night to a party of her young friends.

Caroline heard the billet read and then burst into tears. Her mother inquired the cause of this.

She snappingly replied, that "Charlotte was invited everywhere, but she was never asked."

Now Charlotte was three years older than Caroline, went in older company, and was often invited to places, where her sister was not. Whenever this was the case, it made Caroline cross,—and this time, she showed ill-feeling all day. Whenever Charlotte said anything about the party, her sister would say some unkind thing, and complain of the neglect which she experienced. She was thus made unhappy all the day by the indulgence of her envious feelings. Every thing seemed to go wrong with her; and no one received a pleasant look, or a cheerful answer, or a good action from Caroline Francis the livelong day.

At night her mother called her to her side, and asked her how much she had done that day towards earning that reward which she promised her if she did her duties at home, during the quarter. Caroline blushed, hung down her head, and knew not what to say. She knew she had been a bad girl, all day, and had given her good sister and mother much pain. However, after a moment's silence, which her mother did not choose to interrupt, she attempted to excuse herself, and stifle the gentle rebuke of her conscience, by saying:—"Charlotte was invited everywhere, and nobody thought of her."

"But my dear," said her mother, "you must recollect that she is older than you, and goes with older girls."

"Only three years older, mother, and that ought not to make any difference; but I don't believe that's the reason she is invited when I am not."

"What do you think is the reason, my child?"

"It's because she's handsomer than I, that's the reason. She isn't any better than other folks."

"Ah Caroline," said her mother, "you see what your envious feelings have led you to. This is not the first time that they have made you speak ill of the kindest of sisters. You know how good she is. You know how she is loved by everybody for her kindness, and above all, you know how much she has done for you and me. How then, how, Caroline, can you be so cruel as to speak ill of such a sister?"

Caroline was touched. She really loved her sister, though at times she was led by her envious disposition to treat her unkindly—and when her mother rebuked her, the big tears rolled down her cheek, and she felt how ungrateful she had been, to speak unkindly of her dear sister.

She laid her head in her mother's lap and wept bitterly, not that she had not gone with Charlotte to the party, not that her sister was loved better than she—oh, no!—but to think that she possessed feelings that could make her speak unkindly of one who had done so much for the happiness of herself and her mother.

She asked her mother's forgiveness, and promised—as she had done, alas! a thousand times before—never more to be so wicked.”

Her mother urged upon her to root out all envious feelings from her heart, and after giving her an affectionate kiss, and urging her to ask God to aid her in her good resolutions, bade her “good night.”

And ere she laid her head upon the pillow, the repentant girl did fall upon her knees, ask her Father to forgive her sins, and grant her strength to sin no more.

But she was not yet cured. Almost every day, her envious and jealous feelings were manifested, and caused her mother and sister much unhappiness.

I should have said before that her sister Charlotte was one of the best of girls. She was the joy of her mother; for she was a faithful daughter, an affectionate sister, an invaluable friend. Her heart overflowed with love to all mankind. She seemed to have the spirit of God in her little heart “without measure.”

She had often joined with her mother in prayer to God, and asked him to guide the steps of her sister in the path that leadeth unto life,—and in the retirement of her chamber had she poured out her soul, in her behalf.

And she not only prayed for her sister, but she strove by precept and example, to lead her in the paths of rectitude.

But although Caroline was by no means insensible to the influences of her sister's example, still her besetting sins were so deeply rooted in her nature, that it required something yet more powerful to conquer them. But Caroline was not thoughtless. She was so often rendered unhappy by her envious feelings, so often caused her mother pain by their exercise, that she had frequently asked herself, in her cool moments:—“Can I not be a better girl? Can I not mend my character? Must I be a slave to passion?”—and then would she resolve that she *would* be better, that she *would* subdue all unholy feelings—but still as

temptations were presented, she too often was ensnared, forgot her good resolutions, and was again the same unhappy girl.

One day, however, an incident occurred that wrought a change in her character, which, aided by other circumstances, in the end, completely destroyed her feelings of jealousy and envy.

One day,—the quarter had then about half expired,—a friend of Caroline's sent for her to come and see her. That girl was MARY SMITH,—the little girl, you recollect, who received the medal which Caroline expected, and who, Caroline said, didn't deserve one any more than she. Mary was now very sick. She was to live but a few days on the earth—and then as she said:—"She was going to Heaven." Of this girl, "whom to know, was to love;" and who was the hope of her parents, the joy of her friends, and the admiration of all, on account of her many good traits of heart and head,—of this little girl who was ever her good friend, Caroline had often spoken unkindly—both *of* her and *to* her, and all for what? because Mary was unkind? because she had injured her? No, oh no,—but because, being a better girl, Caroline envied her. She knew Mary was better, and being aware that she was loved by everybody for her sweet disposition and humble virtue, it made her jealous, and this was the reason why she treated her so unkindly.

But Mary Smith had still continued the friend of Caroline.—She had often shown much kindness to her, and had never noticed the ill treatment she had received. *Her* way was to "return *good for evil*," for, as she used to say, "if this were not best, Jesus had not told her to do so."

Mary had sent for Caroline, now that she was on her death bed, for she wished to give her something as a token of remembrance.

Caroline came. For, despite all that she had said against her, she loved Mary. How could she help it? *The good are always loved.* We may speak ill of them, our wicked feelings may at times prompt us to say wicked things of them; but still we love, we must love the good. We cannot help loving those that truly

love us, any more than the stubborn earth can resist the genial influences of sun and rain. I repeat, then, Caroline loved Mary, and it grieved her that she was about to die; and her eyes filled with tears, and her little heart heaved with grief as she stood by the side of her friend, and gazed on her snowy countenance, and met the earnest gaze from that eye, "once so bright, but now so dim."

After talking some time with Caroline about her friends, and the happy times they had spent together, Mary said:—"Caroline, I have something which I wish to give you, and I desire that you should keep it as a remembrance of me. Take it. When you look at it remember me. Let it call to mind the many pleasant hours we have spent at school together."—She paused a moment, then brushed aside the tear that unbidden stood in her eye, raised her wasted form in the bed, and put the token round Caroline's neck and kissed her.—For a moment both were silent,—and then Caroline, raising her head from the bed, which was moist with her tears, thanked Mary for her gift. "It has caused me," she said, "this medal, (for this it was that Mary gave her,) has caused me, in times past, much pain, and gives me yet more now. If you had not been in school, I should have received it before. But you were there, you deserved it, and it was rightly yours. But, Mary, if you knew how many unkind things I said of you because you received it, I fear you would never forgive me."

"Fear not, fear not," said Mary, "I forgive you with my whole heart. I trust you deserve the medal as much as I,—you tried hard to get it,—and when you were so much disappointed, it is not strange you should say some things for which you should afterwards be sorry. But one thing permit me to add, dear Caroline, although the medal made me feel happy when I received it, still I can truly say that the happiness lasted me but a short time. I thought how many better girls than I there were in school, and I asked myself whether they must not envy me, and whether I should not be happier if one of them had it. And I

thought I should ; for the knowledge which I got at school is a sufficient reward ; and I do not like to be envied. I wish there were no medals given out, for it would save a great many unpleasant feelings, unkind thoughts, and harsh words, and I do n't think it does any one good to get a medal. It makes people proud. We ought to be willing to study because it will make us more useful, and enlarge the mind, and not to get a medal, and have our names in the paper. And now, while on my death-bed," she added, "*I can truly say, I feel that no one's praise is so sweet, and no one's censure so hard to bear, as the praise and censure of that monitor within—the conscience.* Strive then, my dear Caroline, strive to satisfy that,—and if you succeed, the censure of others will not pain you, and their praise will be rightly esteemed. But I must stop. The Doctor forbids my talking much. Excuse my saying what I have, but think of it when I have gone,—and receive it as from a dear friend."

Caroline would have staid longer, but she felt that she ought to leave Mary, who appeared to be growing weak. She sobbed a "Farewell !" as she left the room ; and as she opened the door, she heard Mary respond, "Farewell !" and add, as a heavenly smile lit up her countenance—"we meet in heaven." And, in a few days,

"—— the spoiler set his seal of silence.

But there beamed a smile so fixed and holy from that marble brow,
Death gazed and left it there—he dared not seal
The signet ring of heaven."

* * * * *

But we must draw our story to an end.

Examination day at last came round again. At its close Caroline came home with a blue ribbon round her neck. She ran to her mother and told her she had got the medal, and as she spoke of it, tears suffused her bright eyes.

"Why do you weep?" asked her mother.

"I was thinking," replied Caroline, "of Mary Smith," and the name of this pure one caused her mother's eyes also to moisten,

and they mingled their tears. After a few moments' silence, Caroline said :—" Mother I am glad I received this medal to day, because it reminds me of Mary, and it calls to mind and strengthens my good resolutions. It speaks to me of what I have already done to conquer my envious disposition ; and it tells me of how much I have to do. It impresses, if possible, the words of Mary Smith deeper upon my mind. And, oh ! how thankful ought I to be, mother, that I had so many kind friends, and especially such a good mother, to show me my errors."

" My child," said her mother, " I am most grateful that you have so improved your character, and when I reflect that *Mary Smith* was the chief instrument of your reform, I cannot think of her without my eyes filling with tears of gratitude and joy, and my willing heart sending up a prayer to heaven. I am glad, my child, that you received the medal this quarter. It will do you good. Not by making you proud, but by reminding you of those things which it is so well to remember. You can put it with Mary Smith's ; and *together*, how many hallowing associations will they call to mind ! "

" And now, mother," said Caroline, " have I earned the valuable reward which I was to have for doing my duties *at home*, this quarter ? I ask no reward, if I have. I already have an inexpressible joy in my own heart, which is reward enough for my humble merits. All the medals in the world would not afford so much pleasure. But, mother, have I earned the reward ? "

" You have, my child, and have got it. You will always have it. You will bear it with you to the grave. It will ever be an ornament, brighter than the diamond, of more value than many precious stones, and which you cannot part with. That reward is a GOOD CONSCIENCE."

THE BARD.

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

The three primary privileges of the bards.
Maintenance wherever they go ;
That no unsheathed weapon be borne in their presence
And that their testimony be preferred to all others.

TRIADS OF BARDISM.

O, would the days were come again,
The brave old days of ancient time ;
When men, uncursed by lust of gain,
Looked kindly on the poet's rhyme !

When king and peasant, prince and peer,
Confessed the minstrel's mighty sway ;
When men could worth and mind revere,
The mind that led up virtue's way.

The dagger's blade, the flashing sword,
Were sheathed if but the bard came by ;
And haughty look and angry word,
Grew calm and soft as summer's sky !

The mighty ocean heaves and swells
Less proudly than the poet's heart ;
Within his breast a beauty dwells,
In which no selfish thought has part !

He sleeps, and on his waking mind
A vision full of glory beams ;
Such as of old had power to bind
The gifted Hebrew's holy dreams !

The mighty dead, the good and wise
Of ages past, converse with him ;
And light is in his lofty skies,
When all the lower world is dim !

The secret halls of paradise,
On his blessed sight are opened wide ;
And all in truth's domain that lies,
Is viewed as in some crystal tide !

O, could the poet's thoughts prevail,
Would error sway the hearts of men ?
No—falsehood's deadly reign would fail,
And all be truth and love again !

OUR CAUSE.

Ye who have not enlisted in the temperance ranks, who look idly on while our great réform

“Has grasped the world by either pole
To shake it to its centre ; ”

we call upon you to unloose your folded arms and embrace our cause. We pray you “Come over and help us.” Above all assume not to look down upon us. You are solemnly bound to give your influence to the cause. We care not how high your station in life ; you cannot soar above principle. You cannot go beyond accountability. You cannot mount so high, as not to see all around you, the good influences of this cause. Turn which way you will, its spirit is about you. You cannot shut your ear to its voice ; nor your heart to its influence. Ten thousand hearts are this moment swelling with gratitude for its good work. Ten thousand homes, but yesterday the abodes of misery and sin, are now fountains of happiness. Where yesterday were heard curses and groans, to-day go up thanksgiving and praise. We seem to hear the beating of happy hearts. The sweet voices of children which once were silenced by an imbruted father, now peal forth in merry shouts, to gladden the heart, and recall the scenes of childhood. The face of the wife which but now was furrowed with tears, and pale with sorrow, to-day is radiant with joy. “Almost she fears to think how glad she is.” Her husband is a new man. They live a new life. They are rich in the wealth of affection. Life has a new zest. Home has a new meaning. The dove of Peace has rested on their dwelling. Nature herself comes forth to give them joy. The air of heaven is more invigorating. The vernal showers are more refreshing. The flowers are more fragrant. The sunshine is brighter. The stars are more lovely, and the smile of the moon more serene. The song of the birds has a new meaning. The labor of the day brings no fatigue. The repose of the night is sweeter. They were dead and are alive again, were lost and are found.

THOUGHTS ON PARTING.

Oh, what is life but one dull round,
Of parting tears and sad adieus,
Of flowers just bursting from the ground,
For us to cherish, love, then lose.

Yet while those beauteous flowers we mourn,
The tears which on their grave we shed,
Shall cause, ere many months have flown,
Fresh flowers to blossom o'er their bed.

So while we mourn the loss of *hours*,
Which on the wings of love have flown,
They'll cast their seeds like dying flowers,
And we shall reap what they have sown.

The viewless wind may bear away,
The spirit of the dying flower,
To dwell where kinder breezes play,
Or bloom in some more beauteous bower;—

And so beyond earth's narrow sphere
Will these blest hours their life renew,
Where never falls the parting tear,
And life is fresh as morning dew.

THE END.

